THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.
Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " if not p'd within year.. 2.25
☞ To persons residing outside the county 25 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.
☞ In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.
☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.
"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."
$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.
VOLUME XV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1881. NUMBER 45.

Advertising Rates.
The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE PITTSBURGH
WEEKLY POST
FOR THE YEAR 1882.

Democratic Organization, Principles and Candidates.

No Lowering the Flag. No Surrender, No Concession.

But the Renewal of the Old Battle for an Old Time Victory.

Never was there a greater necessity for activity, watchfulness, and unyielding political integrity, than there now is in the Democratic party. As an opposition party it can defeat the conspirators. Its organization must be maintained in all its old time vigor; its party usages and traditions cherished; its own selected leaders trusted and encouraged; its membership strengthened and educated in the faith of the fathers. To the Democratic party is confided the exalted duty of defeating the efforts of men in the Republican party to set up another form of government in place of that which exists. Therefore it is the highest patriotism to defend and maintain organization in its greatest effectiveness.

The PITTSBURGH POST is committed to this principle in all its length and breadth, and if steadfast devotion, and uncompromisingly than in the past will it labor to strengthen the party, hold up the hands of its trusted leaders, spread Democratic principles and promote by all honorable means the success of Democratic candidates, National, State and local.

So much for the political course of THE WEEKLY POST during the coming year; but in all its departments it will maintain the highest degree of excellence to its readers as a family journal.

THE POST for the year 1882 will be supplied by choice and carefully selected miscellany, consisting of tales, poetry, sketches, humor and biography.

THE NEWS DEPARTMENT will be carefully edited and include a careful summary of the events of the week at home and abroad, with specials, telegrams and correspondence from Washington and Harrisburg during the sessions of Congress and the Legislature.

AN AGRICULTURAL and HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT will be added as a new and attractive feature.

THE MARKET REPORTS, and especially reports of cattle markets, will be prepared with the utmost care and afford information of the highest value to the farmer and dealer.

In short, THE WEEKLY POST will dispose of questions with candor and sincerity. It will endeavor best it can a Democratic revival and resist all efforts to divide or create the party or weaken its organization. It therefore appeals with confidence to Democrats to second its efforts by extending its circulation.

TERMS:
THE PITTSBURGH WEEKLY POST.
EIGHT PAGES—FIFTY-SIX COLUMNS.
One Copy—One Year..... $1.50
Clubs of Five or More..... 1.25
Extra Copy for Every Club of 10.
☞ Send for Specimen Copy.

THE DAILY POST.
Published Every Morning (except Sunday).
By Mail, per annum, postage free.....$8.00
" Six Months, " " 4.00
" Three Months, " " 2.00
Address the Publishers,
JAS. P. BARR & CO.,
145 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE SUN for 1882.

Next year THE SUN will make its fifteenth annual revolution under the present management, and, as always for all, big and little, men and women, it will be independent and outspoken, contentious and happy. Republican and Democratic, depraved and virtuous, intelligent and obtuse. THE SUN'S light is for mankind universally, and it will continue to pour its rays of truth for the good, while it pours hot discomfort on the blistering backs of the persistently wicked.

THE SUN of 1882 will be a newspaper of a new kind—varied in many of its forms and a multitude of its ingredients—words and phrases of eminent propriety, and facts of importance, of absolute truth and of transcendent consequence. The success of THE SUN, which attained a paramount success in a single year, and which is now the most popular journal established in this country for many years past has been modelled after THE SUN. Every important journal already has been modified and bettered by the example of THE SUN's success.

THE SUN of 1882 will be the same outspoken, truthful, and interesting newspaper.

It will be one of the means which an abundant prosperity affords, we shall make it better than ever before. We shall print all the news that is fit to print, and we shall make it interesting, but by the traditional yardstick, but by real interest to the people. Distance from Printing House Square is not the first consideration with THE SUN. Whenever anything happens in or near the world we get the particulars, whether it happens in Brooklyn or in Kamchatka. We have decided opinions; and we are not afraid to express them in language that can be understood. We say what we think about men and events. That habit is the only secret of THE SUN's political course.

The Weekly edition of THE SUN gathers into eight pages the best matter of the seven full pages of the Sunday edition. The Agricultural Department of unequalled merit, market reports, and a liberal proportion of literary, commercial and domestic intelligence completes it. For the farmer's household that was ever printed. It does not know and read and like the SUN. Every number of which is a Golconda of entertainment, with the best poetry of the time every line worth reading, news, humor enough to fill a good wood rack, and instructive, varied and entertaining than any book or battle.

The idea of what a newspaper should be pleases different people differently. Terms are as follows:

The Daily SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post-paid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, price is 65 cents a month, or $7.70 a year, post-paid.

The Weekly edition of the SUN is also furnished cheaply at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

Subscribers to the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, $1 a year. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free.

Address I. W. ENGLAND,
Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.
Nov. 11, 1881.—4t.

PATENTS

We have had thirty-five years experience, and now have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained through us are noticed in the Scientific American. This large and splendid weekly paper, only $3.20 a year, or $1.60 for six months, is sent free to all who obtain patents through us. Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to us. We also send our Hand Book about the Patent Laws, Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, &c., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers of Scientific American, 37 Park Row, New York. Branch Office, cor. F and 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.

WANTED.—A rare chance to make money rapidly selling our New Book:

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Lights up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated railroads, its countless sights, its romance, its mysteries and terrible tragedies, its charities, in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send 50 cents for outfit containing full description, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready and territory assigned. Address DOUGLASS BROS., 706 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!
For Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Tableaux, Drawing Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Burlesques, Parlor Plays, Speakers, Pantomimes, Dialogues, Magnetism, Electricity, Calcium Light, Shadowgraphs, Shadow Pantomimes, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Grease Paints, Moustaches, Wigs, Beards, Moustache Wax, Burnt Cork, Rouge, Carmine, Whiskers, Hair Dyes, Charades, etc. Parlor Scenery, Stage Scenery, Drops, Curtains, etc. Catalogues sent free, containing full description of the above goods. Address SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 East 14th St., New York.

WANTED FOR THE NEW BOOK
"PRINCE AND THE PAUPER."
The funniest of all. Elegantly bound. Fully illustrated. Just the thing for the holidays. Just the thing for the times. Address P. C. HUBBS & CO., Newark, N. J.

PIANOS AND ORGANS. 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds only $99. Pianos $125 up. Rare Holiday Goods. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

B. & B.
NOVEMBER 12th, 1881.
BARGAINS IN
Underwear for Men, Women and Children.
LADIES' MERINO UNDERWEAR
At 50, 60, 75c., $1.00 and up.
Ladies' Scarlet Underwear at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and up.
Children's Merino Underwear from 25c. apiece up.
Children's Scotch Mixed Pants and Vests.
Children's Scarlet Pants and Vests in all sizes, from 16 to 25c.
Men's Merino Shirts and Drawers at 25, 40, 50, 60, 75c., $1.00 and up to the finest qualities.
Men's genuine Scotch Wool Shirts and Drawers all sizes.
Boys' underwear in White, Gray and Scarlet. Purchasers will find the above lines full and complete and at prices lower than elsewhere.
LARGE LINES OF
HOSIERY,
For Ladies, Misses and Children.
Ladies' fine Cashmere Hose at 35, 40, 45 and 50c.
Ladies' fine Cashmere Hose, 75c., $1.00, $1.25 and up, in choice new shades.
Ladies' heavy Cotton Hose, plain dark colors and fancy stripes.
Great variety Misses' Hose, in Cashmere, Merino, Wool and Cotton.
Children's ½ Wool and Cashmere Hose, in handsome stripes and fancy plaids.
Men's Half Hose, Merino, Cashmere, Cotton and Wool.
Special bargain in 50 dozen Men's Real Scotch Wool Socks, extra heavy, opened to-day.
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.
50 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, at 50, 60, 75c. and $1.00, in every imaginable style and quality.
100 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, at 50, 60, 75c. and $1.00, in every imaginable style and quality.
50 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, pure silk, at 40c. each.
100 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, at 25c. each; pure silk, in every imaginable style and quality.
Silk and Cashmere Mufflers.
Linen Handkerchiefs for ladies and gentlemen, plain and fancy borders, at 12½c. each, and up.
Attraction in the Cloak room constantly increasing. Choice Walking Jackets, Cuffs and Pockets of Plush, at $5.00. Walking Jackets at $6.50, $7.50, $9.00, $10.00, $12.50 and $15.00 in light cloth, and fine Black Diagonal Dolman from $5.00 up to $50.00; an endless variety to select from.
Dolmans of Satin Merveilleux, etc., at $23.00, worth $30.00.
Dolmans, new shapes, Satin Rhadames at $31.00, worth $35.00.
Dolmans, trimmed in Fur and Plush, $40.00, $45.00, $50.00 and $60.00.
Silk circulars at $25.00, $30.00, 35.00, 35.00 up to $85.00.
Seal Skin Sacques to suit all in prices, size and quality, commencing at $125.00, and up to the best grades.
A very good variety Children's Coats, Ulsters and Ulsterette, commencing at $2.00 and up to $20.
New Dress Goods, New Silks, New Plushes and Velvets, New Fringes; Passementeries, Buttons, etc., New Neckwear, Kid Gloves—button and hook, Chamois Gloves—very long, $1.00 a pair. Full lines of Men's and Boys Gloves, including Gloves, Fur Top Gloves, Cloth Gloves, Wool Knit Gloves.
BOGGS & BUHL,
115 FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY.

Cuticura
Scrofulous, Itching and Scaly Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood Cured.

MIRACULOUS CURE.
I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known. The patient is a man forty years old; had suffered eleven years. His entire body and nearly his entire body presented a frightful appearance. Had had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession, such as boils, potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc. Had paid $500 for medical treatment with but little relief. I travelled upon him to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES internally and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. He did so, and was completely cured. The skin on his head, face, and many other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no scar or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months.
Reported by
F. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.

SCROFULA SORE.
Rev. Dr. ——, in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, says that through Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore, which was slowly draining away his life, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The poison that had fed the disease was complete-ly driven out.

EXZEMA.
Sixteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be Exzema, and caused me great pain and annoyance. I tried various remedies with no good results, until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which entirely cured me so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever.
LEN. M. FRAILEY, 64 South St., Baltimore.

CUTICURA.
The Cuticura treatment for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures.
Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c.
Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

OFFICE OF CRESSON SPRINGS COMPANY,
No. 628 South Fourth St., Room No. 45, 2d Floor.
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7, 1881.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—A meeting of the stockholders of the Cresson Springs Company will be held at the office of the Company, on the 4th day of January, 1882, at 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of voting on an increase of the capital stock of this Company, by the issue of 1,000 shares of preferred stock, authorized by an act of the General Assembly, entitled "An Act to authorize the Cresson Springs Company to issue preferred stock," approved March 10th, 1875, and for transacting such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
JAMES R. McCLURE, Secretary.
Nov. 11, 1881.—3t.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.
Estate of ELIZA McDONALD, dec'd.
Letters testamentary to the estate of Eliza McDonald, late of Ebensburg, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will be required to have them properly authenticated for settlement before presenting them to
ELIZA ANN McDONALD, Executrix.
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1881.—6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of THOMAS McCONNELL, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Thos. McConnell, late of Summerhill township, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement. AUGUSTINE McCONNELL,
Nov. 11, 1881.—6t.* Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARY ADAMS, deceased.
Letters of administration on the estate of Mary Adams, late of Clearfield township, dec'd, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to
MARTIN L. CARL, Administrator.
Clearfield Twp., Oct. 28, 1881.—6t.

NOTICE.—The second and partial account of Joseph Criste, Committee of Ellen Cullen, a lunatic, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, for confirmation and allowance, on the first Monday of December next.
JOHN C. GATES, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 8, 1881.—4t.

STRAY STEER.—Came to the residence of the undersigned, in Dean township, on or about the 1st of last October, a red steer with a white face, supposed to be a yearling last spring. The owner is notified to prove property, pay charges and take him away; failing in which, the steer will in due time be disposed of according to law.
JANE McGUIRE.
Dean Twp., Nov. 18, 1881.—3t.

STRAY BULL.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Dean township, on or about the 20th of October last, a red and white bull, with white face, and one year old last spring. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of as the law directs.
PHILIP FOGLE.
Dean Twp., Nov. 18, 1881.—3t.

NOTICE.—The first and final account of H. J. Hade, Assignee of A. R. Litzinger, has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and will be confirmed absolutely unless exceptions be filed on or before the first Monday of December next.
By the Court. JOHN C. GATES, Pro'th'y.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 4, 1881.—4t.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Uncle Caleb and Ruth, his wife,
Caring little for outside weather,
Fifty years of their wedded life
Spent in this tiny house together.

Mossy the roof and gray the wall,
Narrow the window, low the door;
But love's own sunlight hallowed it all,
From rafted ceiling to sanded floor.

Silent to-day, but silver sweet
Voices of children long ago,
Keeping time to the restless feet,
Followed the mother to and fro.

Scattered afar from East to West,
Seeking their fortunes far and wide;
No one stays in the olden nest,
Where such beautiful memories hide.

Stranger feet on the time-worn stairs
Wake the echoes of other days;
Stranger voices are lifted where
Caleb once "turned the tune" of praise.

Caring naught for the desolate pain
Of the wind in the pine tree tops;
Caring naught for the grieving rain
That so sadly over them drops.

Heeding as little the sunbeam's kiss,
Falling sweet from the summer sky,
In a narrower house than this
Caleb and Ruth together lie.

Up where the many mansions wait,
Is there, I wonder, a cottage small—
Not too stately its nearby gate,
Not too shining its golden wall—

Where these two may in peace abide?—
Heaven were none if these must part—
Caleb away from his gentle bride:
Ruth far from his faithful heart!

Hand in hand from morning till night,
Traveled those two the long earth day;
Surely they walk through the fields of light,
Hand in hand on the shining way.

Blessed love of husband and wife—
Love that lasted through cares and fears,
Filling this place with the chrism of life,
Peace unclouded for fifty years.

THE MINE BY THE SEA.

A strange sight is a coal mine. Wonderfully picturesque with its streets and lanes and alleys, its unending corridors and countless chambers of the dead. The men there, with blackened faces and scarcely attire, seem of another race from those above ground, and the feeble lights gleaming in the midst of the darkness give a weird, unreal aspect to the scene.

The only sounds heard are those of the coal wagons slowly rushed along by boys towards the mouth of the pit, and in the narrow passages, where the men are at work, the clang of their pickaxes as they cleave their way through the great rocks of coal. Men are not the only beings here. There are horses that have not seen the daylight for many a year, to draw the wagons in the broader passages, and sometimes, if the light of the lamp is turned toward the ground, the bright little eyes of rats (how they came to that under-world I don't know) may be seen peering out of nooks along the walls.

There is an almost fearful somberness about the place. Thoughts that the daylight would at once dispel seem to haunt the air and the voices of the men as they wander about, each one, Gideon-like, with his lamp and pickaxe, have a deeper, hollower tone than above ground.

For two days a storm, long remembered on the coast, had been raging; but the men in the mine, accustomed as they were to hearing the roar of the waves above their heads paid little heed to the increased noise. Geo. Heimers alone had noticed it, and each day had spent more time than usual in examining the supports of the roof.

It was now night time, and he had been superintending some rather dangerous work in the lower levels of blasting with gunpowder, which, much against his advice, the owner had ordered. This being done, leaving further orders for work with the men, George turned away and walked alone in the direction of the pit's mouth, carrying in one hand a large canister containing the gunpowder; in the other his lamp and the heavy stick that, on account of his lameness, was his constant companion. Even in the imperfect light it might have been seen that a great change had passed over his face. It was haggard and pinched looking; there was a strange and restless glitter in his eyes, and now and then his lips parted with quivering movement and were pressed together again with that stern, set expression that was now habitual to them.

Instead of leaving the mine, a sudden thought seemed to strike him half-way, and he turned aside and entered a part of the mine long deserted on account of working too near the bottom of the sea, but which recently had been opened again; and though George had many times warned the owner of the danger of weakening the support of the roof, large quantities of coal had been taken from it.

All was still as he advanced through the narrow passages, but soon these widened into a more open space, and as he entered the noise of the tumultuous waters overhead was fearfully loud. A cold draught of air smote him and made him shiver. The place was known to the miners as the "Boggart's Hole" or the "Ghost Hole." It was an immense low roofed hall, one of those natural caverns that exist beneath the sea and land; and in the centre was an abyss into whose depths no human being had never penetrated. The workings had been carried on all along the sides, and a rude pathway led half-way round and abruptly stopped about the great chasm.

The poor light which George had illumined only a narrow circle round him, but he knew the place well, and cautiously stepping along reached the part where the last workings had been made, and which was so low that he could touch with his hands the black, slimy roof, to which gigantic, loathsome fungi clung.

As he stood there wild fancies stole over him. Loud above sounded the thunderous boom of the surf, while beneath him lay, wrapped in eternal darkness, the great mine, stretching for miles into the depths of the earth. He seated himself on a projecting rock, the canister of powder on the ground beside him and the lamp held between his knees.

What were his thoughts just then? I know not at all; but there was one fiercer than the clamor of the waves above, more terrible than the abyss beneath him—he had lost all! He looked back upon his life—all had gone wrong from the beginning, and now, when at last the cup of sweetness had seemed to be so near his lips he had seen it dashed away. He ground his teeth with rage and then his passion took another form; his breast heaved and a great sobbing cry rose to his lips.

"If she only knew how I love her! He love! A moment of the love I could give her would be more than a lifetime of his.—But I know that never, never—let me make an end of it.

"Ah! and Jim Massey, too; a light to this powder and there'd be no victory to any one—the sea would cover us too close for that! But the others?

"Pooh! it's only dying a little sooner; and what is life to stupid, toiling drudges like them?"

A terrible smile passed over his face as he placed the lamp by his side and bent over the canister. Only a light to the powder and the rocks above would be riven, and with a might burst the sea would rush in and overwhelm them all! He took out his knife and proceeded to open the lid of the canister, which, by some means, had been fastened down too tightly.

But, hark! Close beside him, just beyond the ending of the path, he heard a rustling, crackling sound; then a crash, and a huge fragment of rock rolled down and he was only just in time to leap aside before the place where he had stood was covered with shivered portions of it as it descended, and, leaping from ledge to ledge, at last, with sudden roar, was lost in the depth below. Still he listened, for another and more dreadful sound caught his ear—the low, swishing sound of falling water. He crept as near as he could along the pathway, and as he did so his face was sprinkled with the cold sprays of the torrent. He held out his hand, and then, touching his lip, tasted the water. It was salt!

Still and breathless as a statue he stood for a moment; the next, holding the lamp before him, he was rushing with wild speed down the broken pathway and away from the scene. As he approached the entrance he stopped, and, for a moment looked around in bewilderment. He had mistaken the road, and instead of taking that by which he had come had followed another which abruptly stopped, a mass of coal having fallen and broken it off. He had no time to turn back. He threw his lamp down, and, as fortune would have it, it had not been broken, but had only fallen on one side about ten feet below; then, drawing in his breath, he prepared for the leap. He did not know the ground—the lamp had gone out. If he leaped he might fall into some deep fissure; but there was no time to hesitate. He took the leap and fell—the firm ground was beneath him.

His arm was bruised and his ankle sprained, but he hardly felt it. Relighting his lamp, he dashed along through the narrow passages towards the mine where the men were at work.

At last he met a boy slowly dragging along a small coal wagon. He caught the lad by the shoulder and shouted to him:

"Can you run, Will?"

"Ay, of can," answered the boy.

"Then run your hardest, Will. Tell them in the lower main that the water's coming in, and in an hour it'll be flooded."

"Feyther's there!" the boy cried, and without another word rushed off.

Other boys, forced by George's stern voice to obey, were sent to other parts of the mine, he telling them that he would not let one man leave the pit till they were all there.

Then he waited. And if any one had seen his face as he stood alone, a singular change would have been noticed in it. There was now such a look of triumphant gladness as for many a year had not rested there. He stretched out his arm like one who had just finished some weary labor. Then his head sank on his bosom and he muttered:

"O God! Saved! Saved! Thou hast kept me from it, and I may yet save them all."

Quickly he recovered himself and went into a small office where he kept his books and instruments. He took from a box a small revolver and some matches and coming out again set light to a heap of shavings and dry wood lying near the door, which soon blazed up and illuminated the whole place.

Again he waited.

Soon troop after troop of the men, flying at their utmost speed, reached the mouth of the pit, and a fearful sight it was to see the struggling mass of men, each one with maddened shouts and blows striving to come closer to the basket. But George Heimers' voice was heard above them all:

"I'll shoot the first man that touches that basket before I tell him."

They saw the levelled barrel of the revolver and drew back.

"Those that are married stand here."

And in silence the men obeyed him.

He then signaled to a certain number of them to enter the basket. Not an instant was lost, and they were hoisted out of sight.

The other strained their eyes to watch the ascending mass, calculating how soon it would return to rescue them. Some of the men who had their sons with them clasped them tight in their arms, whispering messages to be given if they were lost, for in nearly every case the fathers chose that the boys should go in their places; some sank to the ground muttering prayers that they had never spoken since childhood, and others listened to George Heimers as he told them that there was still hope if they would obey him.

Jim Massey, having been in one of the most distant workings, was one of the last to reach the pit's mouth, and now he stood by the wall apart, with eyes bent down on something he held in his hand—a lock of Agnes' hair that she had given him the night before.

More than half the number of men were now safe; and the basket, whirled up by those who knew just how much depended upon their work, had just left, when George, in the same calm voice with which he had spoken before, said: "Men, who's to go next?" There were only about twenty left, men and boys, whom George had many a time helped by words and deeds. They remembered this, and they all cried at once: "Next turn's thine, master—we'll come after!"

"Thank you, my lads," he answered quietly; "I'm not going this time, but I want to send some one in my place. Will yo let me?"

Not so eagerly this time—but still the answer, "Ay, master!" was given.

"Jim, come here!" George shouted. "You take my place when it comes again. Na, lad, you must! Remember, Agnes want you. Jim, you'll be good to her, won't you? And tell her sometimes the last words I tried to say were: 'God bless both of you!'"

Once more the basket descended, the few that were chosen leaped into it, the rope was shaken as the signal to hoist up, and with one tight hand-grip George sent Jim on his way. And as they parted Jim looked at the other's face, and never to his dying day did he forget what he saw there—the bitterness of death had passed away and a strange peace was shining forth from his eyes.

It was the last freight. George already had heard the distant thunder of the waters bursting in full flood into the mine. He knew the end was come, and when the basket was ascending he turned away down a side passage that he might not see the agony of the poor men when they found it was too late.

Just as the basket reached the level of the upper ground, where hundreds were waiting anxiously the arrival of each company that was saved, a tremendous black cloud rolled up the pit's mouth, bursting up a fearful roar high into mid-air, and when it had cleared away the men peered down the shaft. Far away in the darkness beneath they could hear the dash of the waves, and sometimes thought they could discern their white gleam as they leaped up the sides of the shaft.—Jim Massey and several others volunteered to go down and seek for any who might be still struggling in the water. It was too late, however, when they reached the place, and only a few of the dead bodies were ever recovered.

* * * * * * * * *

The mine is now deserted and its buildings in ruins.

Some time after the disaster a part of the cliff above it, probably undermined by the action of the waves, fell down one stormy night, and now there is a great cavern wandering away in dark passages under the cliff where part of the coal mine had been.

It is easy to penetrate beneath these gloomy arches in a boat during fine weather, and many times in after days Agnes, then a happy wife and mother, would come there with her children on summer days and tell them the story of how their father's life had been saved. And when she had ended and leaned back in the boat as they floated on thro' that silent gloom as of the twilight, the large tears would gather in her eyes as she thought of him who lay in that unknown tomb of his own choosing, far below in some dark cavern of the sea.

SOME OF THE FOOLISH THINGS.—Talking slang.
Praising yourself.
Wearing tight shoes.
Tramping for a living.
Borrowing newspapers.
Getting mad at nothing.
Kissing poodles in public.
Living beyond your income.
Trying to "cram" school children.
Sleeping away the early morning hours.
Marrying a man for his fine moustache.
Hunting for white-handed employment.
Counting your money before it is earned.
Trying to do business without advertising.
Endorsing notes for friends and acquaintances.
Thinking it don't pay to economise in trifles.
Playing the gallant to every woman but your wife.
Expecting to have money without working for it.
Leaving off heavy flannels too early in the season.
Wasting your smiles on every man but your husband.
Lending an umbrella without bidding it an eternal adieu.
Exposing your ignorance by pretending to know everything.
Moping through life when its just as easy to dance through it.
Getting married in live haste and repenting at dead leisure.
Judging a man by the cut of his coat or a woman by the shade of her complexion.
Envying other people their wealth when you might be hoarding a pile for yourself.
Falling in love with a woman's hair or teeth before finding out what she paid for them.
Joining so many lodges and church societies that you have no time to become acquainted with your family.
Turning up your nose at ordinary ways of earning an honest livelihood, and waiting for some genteel job to turn up.

AN ACT OF TRUE HEROISM.—When the Cyprian was wrecked on the coast of Wales, a few weeks ago, the two hundred people who stood horror-stricken along the shore saw a feat of heroism rarely witnessed upon any circumstances. The captain, John A. Strachan, of Liverpool, had told those on board that everyone must look to himself.—Most of the crew had dropped overboard, and Captain Strachan also prepared to leap into the billows. He tied a life belt about his waist and mounted the rail. At that moment he noticed the pale face of a boy peering from below decks. The lad was a stowaway. A few hours ago he was a sneak, an unworthy thing, a miserable pilferer of privileges; but now the skipper only remembered that he was a human being, to be saved, if possible, at any rate not to be left behind. Without a word Captain Strachan unbuckled the life belt from his waist and lashed it ship-shape upon the little stowaway, bidding him safe himself. "I can swim," said the captain, "take the belt." Over the side went the stowaway lifted upon the serf like a cork; over the side went the captain, trusting, like the good brave fellow that he was, to his strength, enfeebled with long hunger and anxiety. But swimming was impossible in such a sea. The boatswain, struggling for his own life, caught at the captain, who was still making headway, and both went down, never to be seen again; while the little stowaway, with the good captain's life-belt about his waist, was flung upon the Welsh coast, battered about, but alive, to tell the story of his strange fate and his kind friend's heroism.

DO YOU HEAR?—"My son," said a Little Rock mother, "go down to the grocery and get me a can of condensed milk."

"I should squirm to wiggle," answered the boy.

"Go on, I tell you."

"I shall limp to jump."

"If you don't go this instant I'll tell your father when he comes home."

"I should blow to tattle."

"Never mind, sir."

"I should hoop to squeal."

When the father came home the mother said: "I wish that you'd whip Tom. He positively refused to go down to the grocery, and told me that I was a tattler, and that he would jump on me."

"Tom."

"Yes, sir."

"What was that you said to your mother?"

"Never said nothin'."

"Then I'm a story teller and your a pretty boy," said the mother.

"I should titter to snort."

Come here to me, sir," and the young man squirmed to wiggle, limped to jump, blew to tattle whooped to squeal and tittered to snort.

MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES OF OUR ANCESTORS.—It may be of interest to know how they arranged marriages one hundred years ago. An old paper has the following description bearing upon the subject: "Married in June, 1750, Mr. Wm. Donkin, a considerable farmer of Great Tossen, near Rothbury, in the county of Cumberland, to Miss Eleanor Rhotthen, an agreeable young gentlewoman, of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being no less than one hundred and twenty quarters of lamb, forty-four quarters of veal, twenty quarters of mutton and a quantity of beef, twelve hams, with a suitable number of chickens, etc., which are concluded with eight half ankers of brandy made into punch, twelve dozen of cider, twelve hogsheads of wine, and ninety bushell of malt made into beer. The company consisted of five hundred and fifty ladies an gentlemen, who concluded with the mode of twenty-five fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity.

MARRIED—DIED.

In the columns, side by side,
Stands the captions, Married—Died.
What fine irony in this
That shares with death our nuptial bliss;
That blends beneath our earnest gaze
The story of two wonderous days?
The kiss of death, of blushing bride,
Sarcastic blend in—Married, Died.

Throbbing breast of heart that bleeds,
Tearful, bright, or dull eye reads
Lines whose message is not clear,
Blurred and broken through a tear;
Lily fingers, hand of age,
Trace the line along the page;
Death and Cupid, side by side,
Sport in man with—Married, Died.

Here a requiem, there a song,
Blend and roll their notes along,
Village bells that ring or toll
Greet a glad or passing soul;
To the chancel call the crowd,
Clad in satin, gown or shroud,
To the church we twice may ride,
Heed the badinage—Married, Died.

Hoist the anchor sail away;
Summer winds or sunlit bay
Lure thee o'er the outer bar,
Where the white-capped breakers are;
Staunch thy painted shallow be,
Strong to ride life's restless sea,
God shall rule the surging tide
That laps the shores of—Married, Died.

Orange blossoms, ripen wheat,
Springs or rue or lillies sweet,
Curls of gold or locks of snow,
Wedding robes or garb of woe,
Hands in loving bands to rest,
Or folded lie on pulseless breast;
Who shall blooms and fruit divide,
So near the stories—Married, Died.

A THRILLING CHAPTER.

There is in the Detroit Work House to-day a prisoner whose smile is soft and sweet as a woman's, and the stranger who meets him is instantly drawn towards him by his clear, blue eye, soft voice and gentle smile. And yet that very man is accounted the shrewdest, sharpest and most "nervy" prisoner of the lot. The fact that two officers rode over a thousand miles with him handcuffed and shackled and constantly watched is proof of the above assertion. When they turned him over at last to the custody of the Superintendent they left the following record on the books:

"Prisoner has been engaged in one train robbery at least and in half a dozen stage and highway robberies.

"Has broken jail three times and bears the scars of several wounds.

"Has the reputation of being a shooter and a fighter; has killed at least three men; was a pal of Wild Bill; is supposed to know all the leading outlaws in the far West. Is sharp and crafty and has great nerve. Look out for him. Offense: Highway robbery."

The "smiler" has not yet exhibited the slightest desire to see the outside walls of the Work House, but is reported as one of the most orderly and quiet prisoners in the institution.

The first Deadwood line stage robbed was the work of a single man, and if that man was not the prisoner we write of then he has a twin brother. The robbery occurred just at sunset six miles from Deadwood. The stage contained seven men, all well armed. It was just rounding a thicket when a man stepped in front of the horses, halted them, and quietly said to the driver:

"If you pull a line until I am through I'll send a bullet through your head!"

This was accompanied by such a soft, bland smile that the astonished driver yelled back:

"Stop your fooling or I'll run over you!"

But the smile was deceiving. Up came a navy revolver on line with the driver's eye, and his teeth chattered as he loosened the reins and soothed the horses. Yells and shouts were heard inside the stage, but none of the passengers suspected what was happening until the road agent pulled open one of the doors and called out:

"Now, then, gentlemen, please climb down!"

"Who the —— are you?" was shouted at him by three or four in chorus, and his smile was honey itself as he answered:

"I'll introduce myself directly. Come, gents—these shooters are in a hurry to hurt some one!"

He backed off a few feet, a revolver in either hand, and the passengers began climbing down.

"Leave your arms in the stage!" shouted the "Smiler." "I'll pop the man brings out any sort of weapon with him! Come, now—sun's going down fast!"

There were seven revolvers and three Winchester rifles among the passengers, but that one man had the bulge on the crowd. Men are half disarmed when surprised. Coop them up in addition to surprise, and pluck is gone. The road agent knows this, and the fact is as good as half a dozen men behind him. One by one the seven climbed down and stood in a row, and as the last man left the coach the "Smiler" confronted the line and softly remarked:

"I will now trouble you to deposit your watches and money on the ground!"

With many a groan and curse and sigh the request was complied with. Those who had wallets lost all; those who had divided their money in different pockets saved half. Two of the seven had no watches to lose. After the last man had "deposited" the robber pointed to the open door of the stage and said:

"It's a tough country and I won't take your weapons. Please climb in."

As the last man mounted the step the robber slipped behind the coach and called to the driver to go on at a gallop, at the same time firing three bullets over the coach to start things with a rush. Half a mile away the coach halted and the seven victims j

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

TUESDAY, - - - - DEC. 6, 1881.

THE Johnstown *Tribune*, referring to the fact that the Philadelphia *Record* favors the nomination of Thomas F. Bayard as the next Democratic candidate for President, calls the Delaware Senator 'a sneaking, hypocritical rebel.' This happens to be the very reverse of what Abraham Lincoln, a better judge in the premises than the editor of the *Tribune*, thought and said of Thos. F. Bayard in 1862. It is the misfortune, however, of great men to differ in their opinions.

IF it is true, as reported from Washington, that the caucus choice of the Republicans for clerk of the House rests between ex-Clerk McPherson, of this State, and ex-Congressman Rainey (colored), of South Carolina, it is easy to predict the end of the contest. Two years ago, when the Republicans couldn't elect a Clerk because they were in the minority, they nominated Rainey, for that position and voted for him as a sop to the colored Cerberus; but now, when they have the votes to elect him, he will stand about as much chance of being nominated as Sitting Bull, the great Sioux chief; and yet the colored troops always fight bravely for the Republican party.

WHEN Grant was President in 1870 and the then Attorney General, E. R. Hoar, of Massachusetts, resigned, the country was completely bewildered when Grant appointed as Hoar's successor an obscure and unknown lawyer from Georgia named Amos T. Akerman, who held the office something over a year and then retired, to the great relief of the Supreme Court. He was a man that no other imaginable President except Grant would ever have dreamed of appointing to such a high and responsible position. Several years ago Akerman died and was decently buried in the State from which Grant brought him to Washington as one of his Cabinet advisers. We mention these facts, not because they possess any special interest just now, but simply because certain prominent papers in this State are attributing to Mr. Arthur an intention of giving this defunct Attorney General a place in his own Cabinet when he announces it. Mr. Arthur may possibly surprise the country, but he can't resurrect Akerman.

ALTHOUGH the Democrats elected their State ticket in Mississippi on the 8th of November by about 25,000 majority, the Republican patriots of that State seem to think that under Mr. Arthur the methods in administration, known as Grantism during the glorious period of carpet-bag rule in the South, have been fully re-established in Washington. They now propose to set up another State government, not on the once all-sufficient allegation that the negro voters were intimidated and driven from the polls by the old rebel element, but on the flimsy pretext that their candidates were counted out, and to call on Mr. Arthur for recognition, which in Grant's day meant the rule of the bayonet. Even though Grant may be the most potent member of the "kitchen cabinet" that surrounds Mr. Arthur, we hardly think that the latter, being forewarned and therefore forearmed, will commit political *felo de se* by inaugurating the rule of the bayonet at the South. That mode of governing States died out with Grant's retirement from office in March, 1877.

JUDGE PETER C. SHANNON, who was appointed Chief Justice of Dakota Territory eight years ago by Grant, and whose commission is about to expire, is just now engaged in a lively contest over his reappointment. Shannon, who is a native of Blairsville and is well known to many of our citizens, was originally a hard-shelled Democrat, read law in the office of Henry D. Foster, in Greensburg, and located in Pittsburgh, where he served about a year as Judge of the Courts under appointment by Gov. Bigler in 1854. Several years afterward he went to Yankton, Dakota, and became Chief Justice, as stated, eight years ago. The opposition to his reappointment is based on several reasons affecting Shannon personally, and is led by R. F. Pettigrew, the delegate in Congress from the Territory. The fight is said to be very bitter and the result doubtful. Shannon has one big advantage over his enemies in the fact that he was always a Grant man. This, his strong hold, is worth a ton of recommendations, and if he calls on Grant for assistance in his last hours of official existence, his appeal through him to Mr. Arthur cannot but be successful.

WASHINGTON is fast becoming the Mecca of a class of persons fashioned after the Guiteau model, and known in the common phrase of the day as cranks. Almost every week one, if not more, of that kind of people find their way to the national capital, with a high and important mission on hand. The latest instance of the kind occurred very early on last Sunday morning, when a well-dressed man registered himself at the Arlington Hotel as Albert Lyman, of New York. On the night of the same day he appeared at the Ebbitt House and after registering himself as Henry S. Hubbard, Providence, R. I., he asked for the three best rooms in the house, although he hadn't even a carpet-sack in the shape of baggage. Owing to his good clothes and good looks he was given an elegant room on the first floor. Half an hour later he was found wandering about the hall with nothing on but his shirt. He was induced by a police officer to go to the station-house, where he said he was to a certain extent Guiteau—that he could solve the Garfield problem—that he had come to Washington to save the world, and that he meant by playing on the strings of love to let all mankind have the same liberty that he himself enjoyed. A rumor got abroad that he came to shoot President Arthur, and a feeling of great excitement prevailed. When Congress meets next Monday the number of "cranks" in Washington, we speak of course only in a political sense—will be greatly and wonderfully increased.

THE trial of the assassin Guiteau, which has now been in progress before Judge Cox in Washington a little over two weeks, has been a farce on judicial proceedings in a criminal court, instead of a calm and orderly investigation of an atrocious and inexcusable crime. This has been owing to the fact that as a prisoner on trial for his life, Charles J. Guiteau, take him all in all, stands without a parallel in the criminal dock of this or any other country in his conduct and in his utterances. His occasional delivery of carefully prepared addresses to the court, intended for the public, his impeachment of the veracity of some of the witnesses, his frequent insults to the counsel both for and against him, his side bar remarks, his levity and attempts at wit—in a word, his conduct generally, while it may be amusing and highly entertaining to the spectators, is disgusting to the last degree and only calculated to bring the administration of justice by Judge Cox's court into supreme contempt. Such is the view of the trial taken by the country, and Judge Cox has to bear all the blame for the unseemly proceedings. But what can he do? The only way to silence Guiteau would be to put a gag in his mouth, and the Judge has threatened him that he would resort to that alternative if he did not behave himself—a threat which the court, we presume, had no serious intention of executing. In his address to the Court on Friday last, Guiteau said that in attempting to remove President Garfield he had only done what the Republican newspapers in New York and Washington said ought to be done, and that they must share with him the odium of the President's death. He insisted also that the Lord had inspired the act, which is a very convenient refuge for all scoundrels of murderous proclivities like Guiteau. The only defense relied on by his counsel is his insanity, and as there are a large number of witnesses whose testimony is relied on to establish this fact to the satisfaction of the jury, it is impossible to predict when the curtain will be rung down on Judge Cox's great and unrivalled Washington show.

JOHN KELLY'S despotic power in the government of Tammany Hall is as remorseless as the iron rule of the Emperor of all the Russias. At a meeting of the Committee on Organization, held on last Friday night, Henry D. Purroy and Andrew J. White, two of Kelly's most trusted and efficient managers, were expelled from the organization by a vote of 152 to 38. Mr. Kelly, who presided at the meeting, gave as a reason in defence of this summary proceeding, that Purroy had accepted from Mayor Grace the appointment of Fire Commissioner, and that White had secured from the same Mayor the office of Police Justice without the consent of the organization. This was enough to brand them as traitors to John Kelly and his Hall, and although several members of the Committee defended them, their appeals were unheeded, and Purroy and White were made to step down and out. When the two expelled gentlemen walked out of the meeting they were followed by a number of the most prominent members of the Tammany Association. One would suppose that this kind of work, which Kelley has been following for years, would speedily bring about his downfall, and yet at the late election his supporters polled about 45,000 votes for the Tammany candidate for City Surrogate—about as many votes as the candidate of the regular Democracy received, showing that Kelly is quite as strong now in the city as he was two years ago, when he ran against and defeated Gov. Robinson. John Kelly is still a great political power in New York, but he uses it only to divide and defeat the party which has heretofore honored him and of which he claims to be so sincere and devoted a member.

THE first and therefore the long session of the Forty-seventh Congress will commence on Monday next, and will most probably last until June. It so happens that although the Republicans elected their candidate for the Presidency a year ago by a merely nominal majority, they failed to secure control of the House, having elected only 146 members, or just one less than the requisite number. We do not doubt, however, that they will be able to organize that body by electing all its officers, for the reason that eight or ten Greenbackers and a political preacher named Smith, from one of the Brooklyn districts were elected, from whom the necessary aid and assistence can be drawn, by way of a trade, to bring about the result predicted. A party that does not shrink from a disgraceful coalition with Mahone and his dishonest crew in Virginia will not stop at trifles when the control of Congressional patronage and plunder constitute the stake to be contended for. There are several candidates for Speaker, an office of almost overshadowing influence in moulding and controlling the legislation of the House, the two most prominent being Hiscock, of New York, and Kasson, of Iowa, with the chances largely in favor of the latter. Mr. Randall, of this State, who was Speaker during five years, will no doubt receive the Democratic nomination, and the only regret is that he cannot be put back in the position he filled so ably and so creditably to himself and to the country. The corrupt lobby retired from Washington when he was first elected and didn't return, but they will come back now to fresh fields and pastures new.

WE publish elsewhere in our paper the prospectus of the New York *Weekly World* for 1882. It will be seen that for the trifling sum of one dollar the weekly edition will be sent to subscribers for one year, with the postage prepaid. It is useless to speak at length of the great ability and enterprise with which the *World* is conducted, as the public opinion of the country is a unit in its favor. In addition to this, it is now printed on new presses and with an entire new set of type, which give it a very attractive appearance. The *World* commends itself to all Democrats as an exceptionally able and zealous advocate of the true principles of Democracy, as taught by its great apostle, Thomas Jefferson, and to the general reader it is invaluable for the fullness and accuracy of its news from all points of the compass.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

THE TAX OFFICE THIEVES—THANKSGIVING DAY IN PHILADELPHIA—GUITEAU AS A CRIMINAL—PENSION ARREARS—CONSTANT VIGILANCE—THE GUBERNATORIAL ISSUE—EDGAR COWAN FOR GOVERNOR.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28, 1881.

[Special Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

DEAR MCPIKE—There were not "forty thieves" in the Philadelphia Tax Office.—There were but fifteen. But the fifteen stole like "forty." When the full story of the Philadelphia Tax Office thieving is made public it will tell a tale of crime of bewildering magnitude. Yet the disclosures will be received by a great many of our people as a piece of every day news which is put aside with a patient shrug of the shoulders. Less than half a century ago such an occurrence would have awakened a blaze of indignation from one end of the country to the other; but in the last two decades the people have been so surfeited with similar enormities that they have not only got used to it but acquired a taste for it. The tolerance for crime and criminals in this country is alarming, and is proof of a rapid decay of public virtue. The decay in public virtue has kept more than even pace with the growth, population and wealth of the United States.—The twelve years of the Grant and Hayes administrations will live in the history of the United States as an era of speculation. The corruptions of these two men's administrations will be sad themes for the historian.

The Tax Office in Philadelphia has been a school of thieves, and its disclosures indicate that a number of men with influential political connections are likely to be called upon to stand up before a jury; but that will probably be their only punishment, as they have stolen enough money to "fix a jury," and the jury fixer will have a fine time for plying his avocation. The sum total of the Tax Office theft is not yet known, but that already reached is a startling sum. For years fifteen tax clerks have engaged in systematic thievery, stealing at the rate of $4,000 per diem. An ex-Deputy Delinquent Tax Collector named Vandusen, who is a brother-in-law of the ex-Tax Receiver Smith, acknowledges that it was "a cold day" when the clerks in the Tax Office did not get away with $4,000, and gives an instance of one clerk, Frank M. Gresner, who alone in one day stole $2,500. As yet the people of Philadelphia are left uninformed of the names of all the Tax Office thieves. It is to the interest of every tax-payer of Philadelphia to lend his personal assistance to the authorities in going to the bottom of this rascality, no matter where or whom it strikes. No scoundrel engaged in this enormous systematic steal should be suffered to escape swift vengeance. The names of all the thieves cannot be made known too soon, and instead of holding places of preferment should be landed in the penitentiary. But will they? I hope the FREEMAN is not worried about the waste of the *ten tons* of documents, printed by order of Congress, which a few days ago were carried to the junk shop and sold at *two cents* a pound, as some of its contemporaries are. This, it is true, is a great waste, but it was much better to dispose of that kind of stuff in that way than to burden the mails with it.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

On Thursday last, Thanksgiving Day, the weather was of the cold, bracing order, and although I didn't partake of it, I know that the turkey, like the persimmon, tasted all the better after a touch of incipient frost.—Throughout the city the day was appropriately celebrated in and out doors. Worshippers thronged the churches and were edified by eloquent sermons on the bounty of Providence. In the various charitable institutions poultry was the nucleus of the bill of fare.—On account of the cold the principal thoroughfares were to a greater extent than usual bereft of promenaders until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the churches disgorged their thousands of worshippers.—Our festival of thanksgiving is past, but another is near at hand in the promise of a merry Christmas.

GUITEAU AS A CRIMINAL.

You are now, I presume, satisfied of the fact that assassin Guiteau is crazy, since it has been given in evidence that one of his female relatives wore the same style of bonnet for a number of years. Surely no further proof of Guiteau's insanity is needed than the story of that cranial apparel which made his lady cousin so singular.

There never was in this country, or in any country of the world, a case in which public opinion was so unanimous in the conviction of a prisoner's guilt, or in which there was so profound a detestation of both the criminal and his crime, as there are of Guiteau and his dastardly offense. Yet the murderer of our dead President was in no danger from any illegal combination of our citizens. The attempts made upon his miserable life were the acts of individuals representing nobody but themselves, and who, there is every reason to believe, were not in their right minds. That there were men in the community eager to take the law into their own hands, and especially in a case which had excreised such a widespread feeling of indignation, that a Guiteau exists no reflection upon American civilization, for does it brand the Americans with shame. The lawabeying spirit is one of the most commendable traits of the American character. To have allowed Guiteau to be taken out of the custody of his keepers by a mob and lynched would have been a disgrace to the country; but should he have been suddenly and violently shot or stabbed by some "crank," in spite of all precautions for his safety, such an occurrence would not bring disgrace or discredit to the Government or the people of the United States. Such a termination of the Garfield tragedy would, however, have been a matter of regret. That there were no organized attempts whatever to wrest Guiteau frome the hands of the law and wreak vengeance upon him is a conspicuous proof of the forbearance and of the general reliance upon the legally proscribed methods for dealing with assassins.

PENSION ARREARS AND PENSION FRAUDS.

The great demands on the National Treasury should move Congress to enact an appropriate measure of the kind suggested by Dudley, the late Commissioner of Pensions, and strenuously opposed by pension agents and their representatives in the Washington lobby. The arrears bill is constitutionally irreputable, and some other legislation should be passed to protect the Government against pension frauds. The Pension Arrears act, which was passed by a weak Congress and signed by a fraudulent President, has made a huge addition to the public debt. The arrears act is an infamous piece of legislation, under which invalid soldiers, or the representatives of deceased soldiers, obtain a mere fraction of the vast amount of money expended.

"CONSTANT VIGILANCE."

Geasge M. Dallas, in his talk to the Young Men's Democratic Association of this city, urges the young Democrats to stand by the party and to follow where the principles of the party lead. Even if the party is compelled to wait for twenty years, constant vigilance will bring it to success. The Democratic party is the conservative party of the country. All Democrats should stoutly oppose the efforts being made towards centralization, as such a form of government is inimical to our free institutions.

THE GUBERNATORIAL ISSUE.

The Gubernatorial issue in Pennsylvania is prominently looming up. Many are already looking for it, and a few are intriguing for it. The office of Governor for a four years' term, at $10,000 a year, is very desirable. If the people of Pennsylvania want the best kind of return they should look over the field carefully to find the best man for that high and responsible office. This is of far greater importance than following the lead of any special faction. Prominence in leadership in parties is not a matter of machinery, but of personal worth and ability.—It is sincerely to be hoped that the next Democratic State Convention will not nominate a leader of any faction for Governor.—An embittered fight against party leaders, even when they are right, tends to harm by endangering party unity; but a square fight against party leaders when they are wrong, the heading off of bad candidates, or the presentation and urgency of conspicuously good men, does tend to elevate the party and compel pure methods and proper candidates. The great point of interest with the Democrats of Pennsylvania now is not who does or does not lead, but their candidate for Governor—the grade and worth of the man presented for their suffrages is the real point. The principle affirmed to be involved is that of the right of the people to an untrammelled choice of candidates, which they can now have if they will avail themselves of the opportunity.

EDGAR COWAN FOR GOVERNOR.

There would be a peculiar propriety in the selection by the Democratic State Convention as its nominee for Governor of a man like ex Senator Edgar Cowan. No man of equal prominence in the country has pursued a more uniform and consistant course in the United States Senate than did Edgar Cowan. He was removed at once from the Chairmanship of the stalwart and the fire-eater, and free from bids toward either Northern or Southern sectionalism. Mr. Cowan as United States Senator protested against extra constitutional methods in the conduct of the war, and discharged his duty as a Northern man to the Union with more true bravery and stern honesty than any man in that body. Mr. Cowan stood a brave and able mediator between the estranged sections. He heroically stood on the middle ground between extremes, which was the happy means of safety. In point of ability, patriotism and statesmanship, Edgar Cowan is the peer of any man within the broad limits of our country, and in presenting him to the favorable consideration of the people of Pennsylvania as a candidate for Governor the Democracy will offer a statesman who embodies all that is best in the ideas and traditions of our honest former statesmen, and whose election to the Governorship would open the way for a return to an honest State government. The Democracy of Pennsylvania can advance to victory under the banner of Edgar Cowan. If the presentation of Mr. Cowan's name should be the outcome of the Democratic State Convention, the entire honest vote of the State will rally to his support with a degree of unanimity that will be irresistable. Hon. Edgar Cowan's record is clean, his statesmanship is of the highest order, and if nominated by the next Democratic State Convention he will be the next Governor of Pennsylvania.

Let sons of Westmoreland, the mother of all the counties of the State west of the Allegheny mountain, which was established by the Provisional Legislature of 1773, and which county at that time included the whole western portion of the State, and which was an almost unbroken wilderness—the first county west of the mountains where justice was dispensed according to the legal forms of the white man—arouse themselve and demand recognition of their claims for Gubernatorial honors. Let the people of Westmoreland, who have so long been tranquil, arouse themselves and cause a sensation by producing a Gubernatorial aspirant, and demanding his nomination by the next Democratic State Convention. Westmoreland has plenty of good material for the Chair of State. There are at least three Westmorelanders, ex-Senators Edgar Cowan, Hon. John Latta, and Gen. Richard Coulter, either of whom would leat the Democratic party to victory next November.

THINGS TO BE HAPPY OVER.

The Philadelphia *Times'* Washington correspondent, C. T. M., is happy over the rumor that General Sherman has ordered a court of inquiry, composed of distinguished "official ladies," which court is to sit on a very delicate question of military etiquette, to wit: Whether a sergeant's mother-in-law is to return the call of a corporal's grandmother by card or in person. He is also happy that there is no need for the army, as it gives plenty of epaulets about Washington, and epaulets are very dear to Washington society. But what adds still more to his happiness is that the Star Route American Gentlemen with the big G are to come under the protecting wing of the administration, and that Brady and Dorsey and Guiteau are stalwarts of the stalwarts, and will be vindicated and sit on the right hand. He is happy that the "Ohio Idee" was buried in Garfield's grave, and stalwartism had come to the front and the bosses were on top.

G. N. S.

TOLD ON A DEATH-BED.—The Hanover (Pa.) *Herald* says: One of the most startling disclosures which even the mortal anguish of a dying criminal brought to light has been made known in Taneytown, by the confession, on his death-bed, of Patrick Tulley, a well-known horse-dealer in that section.

About five years ago, at the Stone hotel in Taneytown, a man was found lying before the fireplace frightfully burned, but with a little life still left. He was recognized as Henry Heiner, and it was supposed that in an intoxicated condition he had lain before the fire, that the flames had reached his clothes, and before he could call for help he was fatally injured. The sad affair occasioned considerable talk for a few weeks and then passed away, and the event was well-nigh forgotten.

Wednesday night, 16th, Patrick Tully, also living in Taneytown, was reported to be in a dying condition; and when he learned from his physicians that there was no hope of his surviving, he sent for Rev. Mr. Long, a German Reformed minister, and told him the whole wretched story about Heiner. It was to the effect that on the night of the murder Tully and David Lieknat heard that Heiner had become possessed of a large sum of money and they determined to rob him. After lying in wait for him for some time in vain, they went to the tavern, found everything closed, and saw Heiner sleeping near the fire. In searching him for the money they supposed he had, but which they did not find, he awoke, whereupon they murdered him, and tried to avoid the discovery of their crime by giving the man the appearance of being burned to death; they saturated the clothes with kerosene and applied the flame. Tully died soon after making the confession. He was widely but not favorably known and was generally regarded as a radically wicked man. The other party to the murder, David Lieknat, died some time ago a terrible death. Quite a little excitement was occasioned in Taneytown by the confession of Tully.

THERE IS A BALM IN GILEAD.—The success which has marked the introduction of Cream Balm, a Catarrh remedy, prepared by Ely Bros., Oswego, N. Y., is indeed marvelous. Many persons in Pitston and vicinity are using it with most satisfactory results.—A lady down town is recovering the sense of smell which she had not enjoyed for fifteen years through the use of the Balm. She had given up her case as incurable. Mr. Barber, the Druggist, has used it in his family and commends it very highly. In another column a young Dunkhannock lawyer, known to many of our readers, testifies that he was cured of partial deafness. *It is certainly a very efficacious remedy.—Pittston (Pa.) Gazette*, Aug. 15, 1879.

My son, aged nine years, was afflicted with Catarrh; the use of Ely's Cream Balm effected a complete cure. W. E. HAMMAN, Druggist, Easton. Price 50 cents.

WATCH CAREFULLY YOUR HEALTH.—Are your hands and feet cold? Does your pulse beat irregular? Does your heart quickly palpitate at the least exertion, worriment or nervous excitement? Does your face often flush from a rush of blood to the head? Are you troubled with dyspepsia, indigestion, or some urinry disorder? Beware! Death may at any time suddenly ensue from apoplexy. Do not delay. Your system needs some true medicinal tonic. Nothing is so good as Brown's Iron Bitters. This excellent remedy will assist nature in quickly regaining her lost hold on health and life. It strengthens every part of the system, and restores the different organs of life to their normal condition. In diseases of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to weaken both mind and body, it invariably acts like a charm.—*Journal.*

THE Pittboro (N. C.) *Record* says: Chatham boasts, among her other curiosities, of having the largest man in America. He is a mulatto, named James Gilbert, and is exactly seven feet high. Since last March he has been on exhibition in Barnum's show, at a salary of one hundred dollars a week, and has traveled through the Northern and Western States and into Mexico. He came directly from St. Louis to this county, a few days ago, on a short visit to his mother who lives near the Gulf. He visited the *Record* office last Tuesday, and gave us some interesting incidents of his travels. He certainly has an easy time of it, doing no work whatever, living high, has all his expenses paid and pockets $100 a week.

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health? An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."

AT the request of the Attorney General, Judge Pearson of Dauphin county issued an order on Monday afternoon on the Mutual Insurance Companies against whom writs of quo warranto have been asked, making it mandatory on them to file their answer by December 8th. This was done so that no delay may be occasioned on December 15th, the time set for argument.

ANSWER THIS QUESTION.—Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of food, yellow skin, &c., when for 75 cts. E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, which is guaranteed to cure in every instance? [4-1.-e.o.w.1y.

A HEAVY rain storm prevailed at the time appointed for Frank Wells's marriage, at Crawfordsville, Ind., and it may be that the dampness quenched his matrimonial ardor, for he borrowed $6 and an umbrella from the bride, walked off hurriedly toward the railroad station, and has not since been seen in the town.

SICK HEADACHE, Nervous Headache and Headache from sour stomach are all cured by DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Price 25 cents.

A BLACK bear weighing 400 pounds was recently killed near Kinzua, Warren county.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Small-pox, typhoid fever and diphtheria are prevalent at Bushkill, in the lower end of Pike county.

—A six-weeks'-old child died in Allegheny City the other night on account of having been vaccinated too young.

—A graveyard insurance agent was cowhided at Cressona, Schuylkill county, the other day by one of his victims.

—Ezekiel Smith, aged 75 years, and wife died at the same moment on Saturday in Huntington, Vt. Poisoning is suspected.

—Michael Armstrong, of Brooklyn, fell down the stairway at his lodging house on Main street, on Saturday, breaking his neck.

—Matthias Berger, who has been a hermit on the Blue Mountains for twenty-five years, persistently refuses to give up his life of seclusion.

—The crushing of coke for fuel is now carried on extensively in the coke regions and it is being largely introduced as a substitute for coal.

—The graveyard insurance cases to be tried in the Quarter Sessions Court of Allegheny county have gone over to the December term.

—Two small sons of James Sartin broke through the ice at Yostville, Luzerne county, on Saturday, while skating, and were drowned.

—Five persons were seriously injured on Tuesday at Rochester, N. Y., by an explosion in James Palmer's Sons' fireworks manufactory.

—Cora Moyer, of Chapman's Station, Lehigh county, fell to the floor in her father's house last Friday, bursting an artery in her neck and died instantly.

—Miss Bessie Norris, of Wilkesbarre, whose lover, James Weller, ran away the pay they were to have been married, has become a raving maniac.

—Willie Blake, aged three years, of New York, poured kerosene oil over an infant brother in the cradle, then set fire to the fluid and the child was burned to death.

—John Booth's stone quarry at Wilbur, N. Y., caved in on Monday, killing Edward Kearney and Michael Gilheim and seriously injuring John Cassidy and Sandy Phalen.

—The steam yacht Lucerne collided with the Australian clipper Dundee, near Gravesend, England, on Tuesday, and the former sunk. Seven persons were drowned.

—Dr. Uriel Ferrell, of Orange, Va., probably is the oldest man in public life in the United States. He is a member of the new Legislature, a Bourbon and in his 90th year.

—The late Judge Wilber, of Troy, Bradford county, who died a week or so ago, was thirteen years old when Washington died, and had lived through the terms of all the Presidents.

—A beautiful young woman named Florence Williams, from Binghamton, N. Y., who went to Easton a short time since and entered a house of ill-fame there, has become a raving maniac.

—Colonel King, who ran one the Republican ticket for Governor of Mississippi in the recent campaign, proposes to contest General Lowry's election. The latter only received a majority of 25,000.

—John Brodie and Shadrack Hestor, colored, charged with murder of T. M. Lynch, were taken from the jail at Oxford, N. C., on Wednesday night and hung near the spot where the murder was committed.

—Henry Somard Hubbard, of Providence, R. I., arrested in Washington on Sunday night on the charge of being a crank, seems to have been on a big spee, and was discharged as soon as he got over it.

—Governor Hoyt has granted a reprieve to Jonathan Meyer and Israel Erb, two Snyder county murderers, that their cases may get before the Board of Pardons. They were to be hanged December 16th.

—The dwelling of J. J. Funero, near Winterset, Iowa, was burned on Friday at midnight. Three girls sleeping up stairs, aged nine, twelve and seventeen, were burned to death. Their bodies were burned to a cinder.

—The largest tannery in the world is just being completed at Morris, Tioga county. Three engines and ten thirty-two feet boilers will furnish steam and force the machinery. It will grind one hundred cords of bark a day.

—The new depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Broad and Fifteenth streets, Philadelphia, will be opened on Sunday next. The first train to leave the new station will be the Cincinnati Express at 9:10 P. M.

—Jacob Seigrist, aged sixty-five, of Mill Creek township, Lebanon county, died Sunday night, after a brief illness. Seigrist's life was insured for over $100,000 in deathbed companies by outside parties living in the vicinity.

—Joseph Stone, a painter, 55 years old, was instantly killed at Springfield, Mass., by falling sixty feet from a staging on the new convent school building. He lost his balance while reaching after a brush and fell backward, breaking his neck.

—Prince Leopold, the Queen's youngest son, was born with only two of the three layers of skin to which common mortals are entitled. Hence, his health is precarious, and all the medicine men in the world cannot supply the missing *cutis vera*.

—A respite has been granted to Israel Erb and Jonathan Moyer, sentenced to be hanged this month at Middleburg, Snyder county. It is for an indefinite time, the object being to allow their case to go before the pardon board at the December meeting.

—At a recent concert it was the subject of remark that the Rev. Sam Jones, the revivalist, in commending his good judgment, the leader will pardon us for whispering that he always recommends Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for clearing and strengthening the voice.

—On Saturday four men with a wagon, going to Arkonsas, camped three miles west of Aberdeen, Miss., and on Sunday evening they were found lying on mattresses, covered with quilts, and each with his head split open as though with an axe. No evidence of robbery was visible.

—Miss Benson learned that Randall, who was wooing her at Mount Vernon, O. already had a wife. She waited until he made a formal proposal of marriage, and then applied to a justice for his arrest on a charge of bigamy. Being told that the crime of bigamy required a double marriage, she kept her secret, let the engagement result in a wedding, and then triumphantly sent him to jail immediately after the ceremony.

—Lemuel Weller was to have married Bessie Norris, at Wilkes-Barre, Pa, but was not there at the appointed time and place. Instead of him came a note saying that he would not keep the engagement, having decided to go West as a bachelor. Two days later he returned, and said that he had again changed his mind. The girl got out of her sick bed, and rushed joyfully into his arms; but her mother pulled them apart and drove Weller from the house.

—A special from Willspoint, Tex., of Nov. 27th, says: The jury in the case of the State against Mrs. Ellie Heacock, for the murder of her husband by administering strychnine, has returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, and has fixed the purishment at imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. Dr. Ball, her accomplice, and perhaps abettor in the crime, was convicted and sentenced for for life at the recent term of court, but made his escape.

—While the congregation in a Welsh village were recently assembling for divine service, a huge dog bounded through the building and took possession of the pulpit, obstinately resisting the efforts of the minister and several members of the congregation to dislodge him. In the end the minister had to content himself with the reading desk, leaving the dog in undisturbed possession of the rostrum, in which he quietly remained while the service lasted.

—Arthur Armstrong, a half-crazy negro, was taken pto a field at Houston, Tex., by three negro thieves, Frank and Joe Randall and Bill Hokey, who had employed him to haul some of their plunder, where the three riddled his with bullets, cut his throat from ear to ear and wrenched his head from the body, while his still animated lips half articulated the word "pray." They were caught as they were about to place the mutilated body in the Brazos river.

—Greensburg was greatly excited on Tuesday night by a disgraceful fight between Jas. C. Guffey and Aaron B. Kuhns. The difficulty rose in the billiard room, and it was generally conceded that Kuhns was the aggressor. The assaulted boy was terribly beaten about the face, and the attending physician has not been able at latest accounts to determine the extent of his injuries. The father of Guffey is an ex-Sheriff of the county and is chief of the coal and coke police.

—The Chicago *News* thinks that the English papers are making fools of themselves on the Guiteau question. What would *they* do with him? He is on trial for his life! He can't be put out of court. He can't be gagged! He can't be tortured into silence! He can't be kept quiet! He must be heard; and perhaps Judge Cox is right in listening to him at certain or uncertain intervals, rather than hearing the mouthings of the idiot from the time the court opens until it closes, without intermission.

—Fanny Walter and Lena Wilson, who were convicted last week in Pittsburgh of keeping a pretty-waiter-girl saloon, failed to appear for sentence on Saturday, and skipped their bail, which amounted to $3,000 for the first named and $2,000 for the second. As they are both well off, the former being worth $100,000, there is not much probability their bondsmen have suffered. If they have gone beyond the borders of the State they cannot be re-arrested, as the offences were simple misdemeanors.

This One Foot Rule

may chance to be of service in many homes! It will also serve us if it recalls the rules of OAK HALL which are:

1st.—We never offer for sale any Clothing but what we believe will give thorough satisfaction to those who wear it.

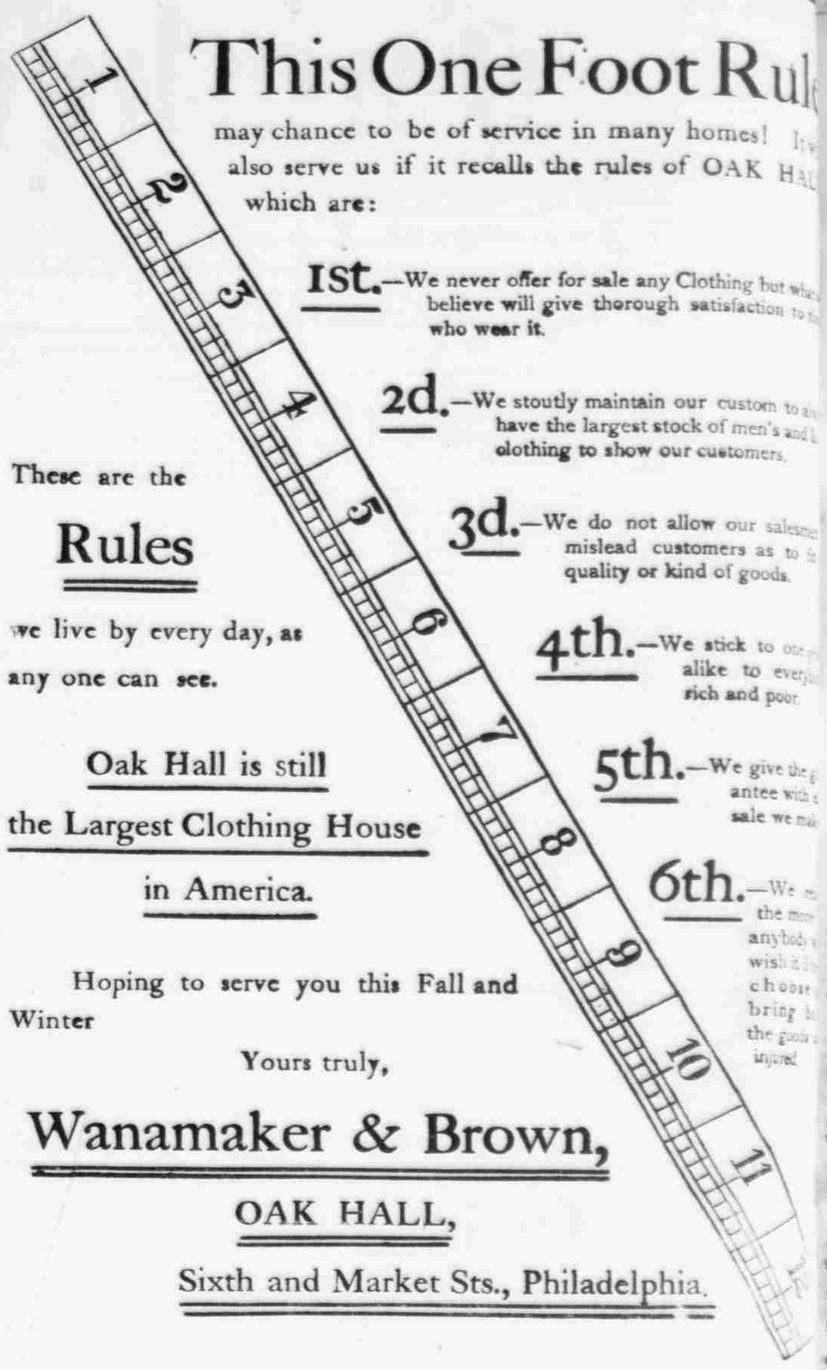
2d.—We stoutly maintain our custom to always have the largest stock of men's and boys' clothing to show our customers.

3d.—We do not allow our salesmen to mislead customers as to the quality or kind of goods.

4th.—We stick to one price alike to everybody rich and poor.

5th.—We give the guarantee with every sale we make.

6th.—We refund the money to anybody who wishes to choose, bring back the goods injured.



These are the **Rules** we live by every day, as any one can see.

Oak Hall is still the Largest Clothing House in America.

Hoping to serve you this Fall and Winter

Yours truly,

Wanamaker & Brown,

OAK HALL,

Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

—George Furness, aged nine, being accidentally locked in school, at Erie, Pa., on Tuesday, was attacked by a swarm of rats. The boy fought desperately for some time, and when discovered was found lying senseless, with the rats tearing at him. He will live, but the fright has probably dethroned his reason.

—At Oil Trough, Independence county, Arkansas, Henry Ladd, a leading citizen, had some trouble with his wife, originating in a disagreement about a passage in the Bible. Ladd, after a bitter altercation with his wife, drew a pistol and shot her through the body. He then tried to kill himself, but was prevented. Mrs. Ladd will die.

—The villagers of Green Bank, in New Jersey, have been enjoying the sensation of a novel monster, which looks something like a bear when it runs in the swamps, but discloses the body and tail of a fish, when it jumps into the river. Two companies of hunters were organized to pursue the strange beast by night, and it was once fired at.—The only thing agreed upon is that it resembles nothing else ever seen upon land or sea. Perhaps one of the signs of the Zodiac has tumbled down in New Jersey.

—In Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, the horses attached to a steam fire engine ran away and rushed into the side of a street car on Fourth street, killing two young men, names unknown, who were standing on the back platform. The car was crowded at the time, and great consternation prevailed among the passengers. Several others were slightly hurt. William Tyson, driver of the engine, has been arrested. The name of one of the young men killed is thought, from a card found on his person, to have been Thomas F. Conarty.

—Seven persons from Kentucky, with an attorney, who hold policies in the graveyard insurance companies in Harrisburg and vicinity on persons who have died, aggregating $30,000, have gone there to prosecute their claims. They have thus far been unable to get satisfaction from the companies in which they had insured their men. Some of the companies in which the Kentuckians hold policies of insurance have paid as low as $50 on a $1,000 policy. One of the beneficiaries from Kentucky claims that he has paid about $500 in assessments on a policy of $5,000.

—Sunday afternoon a large strange bulldog, pure white, bounded into Mount Olive church (colored), at Memphis, Tenn., broke for the pulpit, seized the visiting preacher and dragged him from the platform. The dog only let go when his brains had been beaten out. The congregation think the devil senf the dog. In Avery chapel (colored), at the same time, some heavy brothers broke down a bench and created a panic. The church is built on stilts, over a bayou. The congregation leaped from the window to the bayou, carrying sash and all. Many were badly hurt, one woman fatally.

—Another singular and futile attempt has been made on the life of the CZAR of Russia, and, as usual, a great many arrests have been made, among them two young ladies of high position, and two Jewish merchants, besides a number of students. The plot was of extraordinary. It was decided to cause a baloon to ascend near Gatschina, carrying a quantity of dynamite and explosive fire balls, together with appliances to cause the baloon to fall within the palace yard, when it would explode and set the palace on fire. In the confusion it was intended to seize the CZAR and family. Machinery seized show that everything was in readiness for the execution of the plot.

—Mrs. Miller, widow of Fred Miller, who died at Waterloo Iowa, three weeks ago, killed two of her children, one an infant of three months and the other five years old, on Friday last, and attempted to kill the others. The tragedy was not discovered until Sunday morning, when her brother went to the house. She had put everything out of the house, and had laid out the two dead children on a cot. Two of the children who escaped had been bitten, and the other about fourteen years old, was bruised about his head and face. They say that the mother strangled the two younger children, and was going to kill the others, but for some reason abandoned her purpose. Mrs. Miller has been insane since her husband's death, but was thought to be harmless.

—Father McCarty, parish priest at Greenfield, Mass., was shot and seriously wounded on Saturday evening at the parochial residence there by David McMellen. McMellen's wife left him several years ago because he treated her badly, and has recently been acting as housekeeper at the priest's residence. He visited her on Monday and urged her to live with him, but she refused. Saturday night he called upon her again, and she still refused to go with him. He returned three times to the priest's house, ringing the bell violently and kicking at the door. Father McCarty finally came to the door himself and McMellen shot him twice and then ran away. One ball entered the priest's body near the navel and was removed from the back. Sunday evening Father McCarty was in a dangerous condition, and was reported to be sinking.

NO REMEDY except PERUNA does always coincide with the *vis medicatrix naturæ*.

GUITEAU'S TRIAL.

Guiteau's appearance on the witness stand has naturally brought the excitement in Washington over the trial to a boiling point, and prodigious is the rush to hear him. He has more than fulfilled his promise to appear as counsel as well as witness and prisoner in this law case. From time to time he has been reported as exhibiting indifference to the trial; but, for an indifferent man, he has taken a remarkably large share in the proceedings. His present attitude is the strangest of all—as witness in his own defence, which defence, as his counsel has announced is that of insanity.

During the whole of yesterday's session of the court Guiteau was on the stand as a witness for himself. He at first objected to testifiving, saying he was not well, and did not want to undergo cross-examination just now, but preferred to wait until he was in good talking condition. After Mr Scoville began to question him about his early life, however, he appeared to forget his fears of cross-examination, and described minutely, and often graphically, the incidents of his unhappy career. His mother died when he was very young, and his father opposed his aspirations, objected to his getting an education, and finally drove him into the Oneida Community, where he fell under the influence of fanatical notions, but after two attempts broke away from them. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but had not much success as a lawyer. He practised a little in this city and Chicago

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

TUESDAY, - - - DEC. 6, 1881.

STILL ANOTHER CRUSHING BLOW.

Thrice within a month has the desolation of death came upon the editor's family from that fearful malady, diphtheria, and God alone knows when the end is to be. Under the proper heading in another column the story of our last (God grant it may be the last) sad bereavement is told. The victim in this instance is the eldest remaining daughter, Agnes, one of the brightest and best of our darling little flock. Her death came upon us quite unexpectedly, her condition when we left her bedside at Friday noon being such as to fill us with hope for her early and complete recovery. Less than three hours afterward, and when we had scarcely more than commenced working off the present issue of our paper, word came that our poor suffering child wanted to see her papa, brother and uncle right away. We knew at once that another of our loved ones was to be summoned from earth to heaven. Abandoning everything, we hastened as speedily as possible to her bedside, and there remained until God in His mercy took her to His shattering rest. We shall not attempt to describe the parting scene, which was one of the most affecting that it would be possible for the mind of man to conceive of. Our darling child retained her consciousness until the very last moment, and while in the agony of death called each of the loved ones present to her side and bade each one in turn a final farewell, even to send a good-bye to one of her most beloved companions, little Tiney Scanlan, and assuring us that she would never cease to pray for us in heaven. Oh, God! the agony of that moment will never be effaced from our memory. This sad dispensation will fully explain the failure of the FREEMAN to reach its patrons last week, and will also account for the printing of it at this late day (Tuesday, Dec. 6th,) when the news it contains has for the most part become old and stale. Of course we can issue no other paper this week, but will endeavor to make up for the omission if no further calamity comes upon us, by printing a paper during the coming holidays. Meantime we ask our friends to remember us and our terribly bereaved family in their prayers.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

More. There and the Other Place.

—Death to rats and vermin—Parsons' Exterminator. [11-7.-1m.]

—Johnstown congratulates itself on having at last got rid of the small-pox.

—David McClure, of Huntingdon county, killed two wild turkeys with one shot Thursday last.

—Thursday of this week, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, will be a holy day of obligation in the Catholic Church.

—Any remedy that always coincides with the *vis medicatrix naturæ* cures all diseases. PERUNA. At new drug store, Ebensburg.

—A twenty-foot leather belt was stolen from the mill of Mr. John St. Clair, in White township, Indiana county, a few nights ago.

—The Carrolltown *News* credits Joseph Rhody, Samuel Gill and another hunter with shooting three deer in Chest township week before last.

—Keep your family well supplied with "Sellers' Cough Syrup. Use it in time; you will avert bronchial and pulmonary affections. 25 cents.

—Eight children of Mr. Thomas Doran, of Latrobe, are, or were a few days ago, suffering with diphtheria. God pity and succor the afflicted family.

—"A lady had the flesh eaten off her arm by scrofula. Could see the sinews working. Lindsey's Blood Searcher cured her." J. Ralston, Elderton, Pa.

—There was a big flood in the Susquehanna last week, and the amount of logs and lumber run to market from this and adjoining counties is said to have been huge.

—The Osceola *Beville* says that one million nine thousand one hundred and sixty-five dollars were paid out for mining alone in that region during the last ten months.

—One of the peculiarities of the old Romans is said to have been that they considered it disgraceful to be dunned. Sorry that the people who owe us don't see it in the same light.

—Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her vegetable compound in all female complaints.

—The new chapel of the Sisters of Mercy at Loretto will be dedicated to the service of God on Monday, Dec. 12th, which is the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of said order of religious women.

—Loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, premature old age, promptly cured with Brown's Iron Bitters. It restores lost functions and strengthens the weakened parts.

—The Osceola *Beville* says that the State geological survey of the coal measures of certain portions of Clearfield and Cambria counties "is worse than worthless, being a damage rather than a benefit."

—Mr. Thomas C. Hannum, late city editor of the Altoona *Daily Sun*, has gone to Waynesburg, Pa., to do the writing for Jas. F. Campbell's new paper, the first number of which is to appear this week.

—Hon. John D. Thomas, one of the present Associate Judges, intends to remove from Summitville to South Fork next Spring, where he will pursue the same business he is now engaged in—hotel-keeping.

—By a postal card from Mr. M. L. Keck, of the Foster House, this place, we learn that his respected father, Mr. Isaac Keck, died at his residence in Punxsutawney on the 23d ultimo. His ailment was paralysis.

—H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally. The most wonderful case on record.

—A religious reception will take place at the chapel of the Sisters of St. Joseph, this place, on Thursday next, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, when several members of the community will take their final vows.

—Alderman Tucker, Boston, says that you may state that I have paid for medicine and treatment in 20 years $5,000 without receiving permanent benefit. Entirely cured of his disease (exit rheum) by Cuticura Remedies.

—Bergass McCabe, of Latrobe, who is a son and namesake of Mr. Thomas McCabe, Sr., of East Conemaugh, this county, was struck on the head with a stone by some one unknown and very badly injured on Wednesday of last week.

—Do you suffer from sick or nervous headache, neuralgia or sleeplessness? If so, do not delay, trusting that in time nature will relieve you, but go at once to E. James' Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., for Dr. Faust's German Cure. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y]

—Edward Griffith, an employe at Guthrie's saw-mill, at Homer City, Indiana county, had his right hand nearly severed from his arm a few days ago by the cut-off saw, from around which he was attempting at the time to remove the accumulated saw-dust.

—The tortures of neuralgic pains, sick and nervous headache, are instantly banished by the use of Dr. Faust's German Cure for Neuralgia and Headache, Guaranteed to relieve. Just 25 cents. For sale by E. James, Ebensburg Pa. [4-1,'81.-e.o.w.1y.]

—The Westmoreland county farmers who were so badly fleeced in certain seed wheat operations by that cute Yankee, E. W. Scripps, formerly of Johnstown, have concluded to try what virtue there is in the law administered by the courts of that county. Mr. Mary Detwiler, of Martinsburg, Blair county, is credited by a correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune* with killing five turkeys at a shot the other day, but whether the turkeys were wild or tame is left to conjecture. That was a remarkable shot, however, in either case.

—A trackman named Samuel Nord was run under the wheels, run over and instantly killed on Sunday morning, while trying to get on a moving freight train at Mineral Point, this county. The unfortunate man leaves a wife and family at East Conemaugh.

—We learn from the Carrolltown *News* that the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hoover, of Carroll township, died of diphtheria and a combination of other diseases on Wednesday last. Four other children of the same family are afflicted in like manner, but it is thought that they will all recover.

—Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is a marvellous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints, without extra charge. Price 50 cts. Sold by E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg Pa. [4-1.-e.o.w.1y.]

—Chief Justice Sharswood signed a *per curium* order in the U. S. Court, Pittsburgh, a few days ago, transferring Armstrong, Butler, Cambria, Erie, Fayette, Forest, Indiana, Lawrence, Mercer and Somerset counties from the Western and Middle Districts to the Eastern Judicial District of the State.

—The large new bell for the large new Court House was hoisted into the large new tower Thursday afternoon and sounded. The work having to be completed in order to return a borrowed rope to Altoona next morning, and since then we have had an occasional taste of its tone and tenor, which are very sweet and sonorous.

—As read in the Kane *Blade* of a late date that Miss Clara Evans, of Ebensburg, has returned to that place and resumed the position of clerk at the "Rock Bottom" store, where, we may add, her brother Webster also holds a clerkship, and that Mrs. Howell, likewise of Ebensburg, is visiting among her relatives in Kane.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* has already inaugurated its annual custom of naming candidates for office on the Democratic ticket, having no longer ago than Saturday last trotted out Mr. Scott Williams, of the Carrolltown *News*, and Mr. Edward McGlade, of Portage township, as probable aspirants for the nomination for Sheriff next year.

—The saw and shingle mill of W. P. & M. R. Porter, which was located on Clearfield creek, in Lawrence township, Clearfield county, near the Cambria county line, was destroyed by fire a few nights ago, together with a quantity of sawed shingles. Loss, $2,200; insurance, $1,000.

—Justice Shoemaker had better to congratulate itself on the disappearance of the small-pox from that vicinity, four more cases suddenly loom up, the victims being Mrs. Uriah Noon, daughter and two sons, of Morrellville, who were taken down with that loathsome disease on Sunday last.

—One of the most desirable farms, saw mills, etc., in the county is offered at private sale by Mr. Francis Moran, of Allegheny township, whose advertisement will be found in another column. Mr. Moran says that he has got too old to farm, and hence his desire to sell. This is certainly a good chance for some one with agricultural proclivities.

—The directory of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has organized a system for the benefit of trainmen on that road. Small contributions will be required from members, and benefits will be given in case of sickness or death, and pensions in old age. Membership will not be compulsory, and the fund will be represented in the management of the system.

—The mercantile firm of McDonald & Co., of Loretto, was dissolved a few days ago by the retirement of Mr. M. J. Pfoff, the junior member, leaving the business entirely in the hands of our friend, and everybody's friend, Capt. M. F. McDonald, whom we can heartily commend to the patronage of our friends in this section. The gentlemanly Captain has our best wishes for their future prosperity.

—Our friend A. J. Greer, who for many years has wielded the editorial pen with a vigor and vim which few of the fraternity possess, and who for a considerable time was employed in that capacity on the Altoona *Daily Tribune*, and subsequently on the *Daily Sun*, has just become one of the editors of the *Evening Call*, same city, which will be that much better for the acquisition.

—A concert partially in aid of the Calvinistic Methodist church of this place was given in the Court House on Wednesday evening of last week. It was both vocal and instrumental, and in the rendition of either branch of melody Professor W. Aubrey Powell, of Scranton developed the utmost proficiency. An audience of about two hundred persons listened to and applauded the entertainment throughout.

—It seems that the same accident in the railroad yard at Chicago which caused the death of young O'Neill, of this county, as noticed in our last issue, resulted fatally to the engineer of the locomotive on which he (O'Neill) was employed as fireman—said accident being entirely due to the criminal carelessness of another employe, who displaced a switch and is now in jail awaiting indictment for murder.

—We had a visit yesterday (Monday) from Mr. P. B. Smith, of Munster township, who denies most emphatically and is willing to make oath that he did not by word or deed attempt to defeat the Democratic ticket, or any portion of it at the recent election in this county. Mr. Smith is peculiarly entitled to the benefit of this denial, and we very freely accord him the space in our paper necessary to make it.

—Mr. Harry Englehart, for a number of years a resident of Ebensburg, and chosen a member of the new board of County Auditors at the late election, has, with his family, moved to Gallitzin, where he believes it his intention to engage in the boarding-house business at that point. To the people of Gallitzin we take pleasure in saying that Harry is a tip-top young man, who will prove a valuable acquisition to their number.

—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Lawrence Taylor. This house has been established nearly 40 years, and his goods are celebrated everywhere for purity and strength. We would recommend a trial of his Gold Medal brands to all who appreciate good and wholesome bread, cakes, etc. His Gold Medal saleratus or bi-carb. soda is sold by M. L. Oatman, John Lloyd and E. C. Parrish, Ebensburg. [10-7.-4m.]

—McDonald, of Loretto, sells calicoes at 6, 7 and 8 cts. per yard; muslins at 6, 8 and 10 cts. per yard; ginghams at 8, 10 and 12 cts. per yard; dress goods at 8, 12½, 16, 20 and 25 cts. per yard; canton flannels at 8, 10 and 12½ cts. per yard; plaid flannels at 25, 35 and 45 cts. per yard; ladies' coats, $4.00 to $10.00; ladies' shoes, $1.00 to $1.75; men's shoes, $1.00 to $1.75; boys' boots, $1.00 to $2.00 per pair; men's boots, $2.00 to $4.00 per pair; boys' overcoats, $3.25 to $7.50; men's overcoats, $5.00 to $15.00; boys' suits, $5.00 to $10.00; men's suits, $10.00 to $20.00; also rubbers, flannel shirts, cardigan jackets, etc., at prices which defy competition.

—The Carrolltown *News* has been informed that parties owning marketable timber along the Susquehanna river up as far as Kohler's dam, which is about two miles west of Carrolltown, are opening the stream that far, a distance of three miles from Lantzy's dam, just below which timber was floated last year. Chutes are to be placed in Lantzy's dam and the Brothers' dam. Sugar, poplar, ash, lin, hemlock and other timber in large quantities line this part of the river.

—The corps of engineers who last summer ran a line for a railroad which is designed to connect, if it ever connects at all, with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at some point in Franklin county on the southeast and with Pittsburgh on the west, have again made their appearance in our midst. They went to work with a will Monday of last week in two gangs, though the precise object they are driving at remains to be discovered. An experimental line at Cherrytree or some point in that neighborhood will doubtless be run, but only, we imagine to be abandoned, unless the termini of the line is to be made at some point on the Erie road instead of at Pittsburgh.

—In the midst of our own terrible bereavement comes the sad news from our kinsfolks, Mr and Mrs. James E. Curry, of Altoona, that one of their own bright and interesting little children—Florence, aged 4 years and 2 months—has been stricken down by the same fearful scourge that has so sadly decimated our own afflicted household, her death taking place at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, Dec. 4th. Never was there a time when we could appreciate more keenly the bitter anguish which now fills the hearts of our worthy kinsfolks, and if sympathy deep and earnest can at all assuage their grief they certainly have it from ourselves, as well as from all who have learned of their bereavement. May God in His mercy keep their little family from further affliction.

—Charles Deitrick and Belle Burke, of Altoona, were to have been married on the 15th of last month, but owing to the appearance in that city of another woman who had gone through the same ceremony with Deitrick on a previous occasion, the wedding had to be postponed and did not take place until Thanksgiving evening, a divorce on the ground of desertion meantime having been obtained in the Lancaster county court by the first wife, Deitrick of course offering no objection.

—The sincere sympathies of friends not a few in this community will be extended to Mr. and Mrs. Manly Tello, of the Cleveland *Catholic Universe*, on the loss of their sweet little daughter, Annie Grace, aged 5 years and 9 months, who died on the 22d ult. from the effects of scalds received on the 16th of August last by the unsetting upon and deluging of herself from breast to feet with the boiling contents of a teapot. May God comfort and console our stricken friends in their and their darling's bereavement.

—Ladies, while silently suffering from your many forms of weakness and disorder, to you is given Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine, guaranteed to benefit and permanently cure you. A lady writes: "I gained eight pounds in three weeks by your German Aromatic Wine." Sold on a positive guarantee to invigorate, regulate and give new and permanent vital force. Are you a debilitated person, aged and feeble, or just recovering from the effects of exhausting mental or physical work? Revive the drooping energies, get new strength and rich blood by the prompt use of Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine. In no way can it be used as an intoxicant.—Ask Druggists. For sale by E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-1.-e.o.w.1y.]

—It will rejoice the many friends of our young kinsman, M. H. Ward, son of Mr. Martin Ward, of this place, who for several years past has been in the employ of the American Express Company, N Y., to learn that he has just received another promotion by being placed in charge of one of the six branch offices in that city which serve as feeders to the main office at 65 Broadway. There was quite a lively contest for the position, several of the management having each a favorite, and for that reason Mart. is deserving of special congratulation for having succeeded to a post of trust and responsibility which we are sure he will fill to the entire satisfaction of his employers and the public. May his career be ever upward and onward.

—We regret to state that Rev. Father Boyle, late of this place, but now pastor of St. Patrick's church, Gallitzin, has been and probably still is quite unwell, his ailment being a fever of some kind, brought on a few days ago by overheating himself, while on his way to attend to the spiritual wants of one of his parishioners whose death was believed to be near at hand. Our Rev. friend also had the misfortune to be tripped up the day before by his fleecy locks coming on by a loose board in one of the dilapidated sidewalks which there abound, and falling flat on his face was badly stunned, and probably hurt to some extent, but we can't say that this mishap had anything to do with his subsequent illness. That God may speedily restore him to his accustomed good health is our heartfelt prayer.

Our readers will understand that this issue of the FREEMAN should have reached most of them on Saturday last at the furthest, but owing to the death of our dear little daughter Aggie, the third sad bereavement which has visited our family within a month, its publication, with the exception of about one hundred copies, which were worked off last Saturday for the benefit of mail subscribers, and in which we enclose an extra half sheet so that the situation may be understood, has been delayed until this (Tuesday) afternoon. Of course this delay makes our paper somewhat stale in the matter of news, and will also prevent us from issuing another one this week, but we think that our friends will bear with us in our great trouble, especially as we hope to be able to make up for the loss during the holidays now so near at hand.

—F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., of Ebensburg, trustee of the Fisher heirs, who are owners of certain lands in Cambria and Indiana counties, filed his report in the court of the Orphans' Court, of Philadelphia, some time ago. Exceptions having been made thereto, the matter was referred to a certain Mr. King, of Philadelphia, as Auditor and Commissioner, whose duty it is to audit the account, decide on the exceptions, and report the testimony. In that capacity he last week sat at the Court House in this place taking testimony of witnesses produced on the part of the Fisher heirs in support of the exceptions filed to the account. Counsel for exceptants are Messrs. England and Albertson, of Philadelphia; for accountant, Mr. Remak, also of Philadelphia. The taking of testimony was concluded on Thursday afternoon.

—We briefly noted the fact last week that our amiable friend John M. Furey, formerly city editor of the Altoona *Tribune* and *Sun*, had become local editor of the Bellefonte *Democrat*, and now it becomes our painful duty to record his death, which occurred in the latter place the early part of last week. The deceased was a brother of Mr. Joe W. Furey, of the Bellefonte *Watchman*, and, like him, he was a ready and graceful writer. Our poor friend was for several months afflicted in mind, but after a brief course of treatment at the State insane asylum he was discharged under the belief that a cure had been effected. The hope, however, seems to have been vain, and now it becomes our painful duty to record his death at the early age of 30 years, 10 months and 6 days. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss and revere his memory. Peace to his ashes.

A RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSE.—Philadelphia can boast of a goodly number of wholesale mercantile establishments which have always maintained a character for integrity and fair dealing, but in all that vast city no house can be found that has won its way to public favor and a lucrative trade in so short a time as that of David, Keyser, Reinhold & Co., importers and jobbers of hosiery, laces, embroideries, fancy goods, notions, etc., 923 Market street. The members of this firm, which was established in the first day of last January, were salesmen in one house for eighteen years, and the other partner was in the commission hosiery trade. The entire firm is composed of working men of experience, who buy for cash and believe in moving goods rapidly. They supply a want long felt in Philadelphia for a line house of this kind, and as such they solicit the patronage of cash buyers. We had the pleasure of meeting our old friend Harry L. Reinhold, of this firm, in our town last week, but as he is well known among our merchants, having been visiting here for several years, he needs no introduction from us. Suffice it then to say that our merchant friends can order what they want direct from this reliable house and be sure to get exactly what they wish, as the firm knows full well the kind of goods the trade demands. More than that, they will receive free of charge a full line of price and ribbon cards, of which Mr. Reinhold is the patentee, and which the firm send out with every order they fill. Let all, therefore, who want to buy what this house has to sell give it a trial order without delay.

BUYS THEM BY THE SCORE.—Please send me at once one gross of your most excellent medicinal tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used them in my practice, for indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, heartburn, nausea, vertigo, etc., and have met with great success, in effecting cures. I find they give perfect tone and real strength to every part of the body, and in cases of kidney diseases and consumption they quickly stop all decay.

R. S. ALEXANDER,
M. D. and Druggist.
Steubenville, Ohio, May 27, 1881.

THERE were more admissions, deaths, discharges, etc., at the county almshouse during the month of November just closed, than during the same number of days since that institution opened. Steward Lilly's report, as furnished us, shows that there were 68 inmates on the first day of last month, that 11 others were admitted during the month, and that the three d's—death, discharges and decampings—got away with an even dozen, thus leaving the house at the close of the month one less than it had at the beginning.

GRAPE WINE FOR COMMUNION.—The superb quality and entire purity of Speer's Port Grape Wine, of New Jersey, and the success that physicians have had by its use, has induced them to write about it, and caused hundreds of others to prescribe it in their practice as the best and most realiable wine to be had. It is held in great favor for Communion purposes, and is said to be a cure for consumptives. Mr. Speer also preserves Grape Juice natural as it runs from the press without the addition of a particle of spirits. It is called unfermented juice.

CATARRH.—Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress. These are conditions brought about in Catarrh by the use of Sanford's Radical Cure. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Improved Inhaler, in one package, for $1.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 31, 1879.

Gentlemen—Having been afflicted for a number of years with indigestion and general debility, by the advice of my doctor I used Hop Bitters, and must say they afforded me almost instant relief. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf. TROS. C. KNOX.

FROM TIME TO ETERNITY.

SOME OF THE DEATHS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED IN THIS COUNTY AND ELSEWHERE DURING THE PAST WEEK.

REV. FATHER WILLIAM J. BOWMAN died on Saturday last at San Mateo, California, in the forty-second year of his age. The deceased will be remembered by many of our older citizens, as his mother, with her two young sons, of whom he was one, the other, James E., now and for the most of his life a resident of Altoona, resided here for some time many years ago, and removing from here took up their residence in Altoona. The deceased priest, always of delicate mould, was born in Mercer county, this State, and when in his 14th year was sent to Rome to study for the Church. He remained there eleven years, and since his ordination in 1864 has labored in various missions in California, the one at San Mateo being the last scene of his missionary efforts. His mother had been with him for several years on the Pacific coast and closed his eyes in death. Father Bowman was a zealous, devoted priest and in every respect a noble man, and the news of his untimely death will be received with sincere sorrow by a wide circle of admiring friends who knew him only to love, invigorate, regulate and give new and permanent vital force. Are you a debilitated person, aged and feeble, or just recovering from the effects of exhausting mental or physical work? Revive the drooping energies, get new strength and rich blood by the prompt use of Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine. In no way can it be used as an intoxicant.—Ask Druggists. For sale by E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-1.-e.o.w.1y.]

THOMAS DEVINE, one of the oldest citizens of this part of the county, died at his residence in Cambria township, on Monday 28th in the 77th year of his age. He was a brother of Henry C. Devine, a notice of whose sudden death in Elder township was published in our paper on the 18th ult. The deceased was a tailor by trade, and several years ago resided in this place and subsequently removed to Loretto, from whence he returned last spring, living here a few months and then moving to Cambria township, where he died, as above stated. He was a quiet, peaceable and inoffensive citizen, upright in all worldly dealings, and respected by all who knew him. His widow and six of his children survive him. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery in this place on Wednesday. May he rest in peace.

ROBERT MCKIM died at his home in Munster township, on Tuesday last, aged about sixty-one years. The deceased was born in the village of Munster, and since he commenced life for himself has followed the business of a coal miner, most of his time being spent in the mines near Lilly's station. He was an honest, hard-working man, and was highly esteemed by his friends and neighbors for his many excellent traits of character. His widow and four of his children survive him. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery in this place on Thursday. May his soul rest in peace.

PATRICK O'CONNER departed this life after a brief illness, on Wednesday last, at the county almshouse, of which he had been an inmate for a few months, in the 88th year of his age. He was a native of Ireland, and for a long time previous to his becoming unable to work as a repair hand on the railroad, had resided at Summitville. In the prime of his life he was a splendid specimen of physical strength and manly vigor. On Friday week, the day before he took sick, he visited the FREEMAN office to learn the latest news from dear old Ireland, which he loved so well. May he rest in peace.

JEREMIAH MCKIBBEN, who was well known all over the country from his long connection with the Merchants' Hotel and Girard House, Philadelphia, died suddenly of heart disease at St. Joseph, Missouri, on Tuesday last, in the 62d year of his age. He had only recently leased a large hotel property in that place and was just about to open it to the public when he was stricken down. He was a most genial and companionable man and a son of the venerable Chambers McKibben, who has been prominently identified with the Democracy of this State during the last half century.

JOHN MALOY, one of the oldest citizens of Allegheny township, died on Saturday, Dec. 3d, 1881. He was about eighty years of age and came to the neighborhood of Loretto fully half a century ago, if not several years more than that length of time. He was, as his name indicates, an Irishman by birth, and was always a quiet, inoffensive, honest man, and during his long life was respected and esteemed by all his neighbors and acquaintances. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Loretto yesterday (Monday) forenoon. May his soul rest in peace.

"DOES YOUR HEART BEAT TRUE TO ME?"—*A Beautiful New Song Given Away.*—By sending two three cent postage stamps to H. Kleber & Bro., 122 Wood street, Pittsburgh, Pa., you will receive, free of charge, a beautiful song entitled: "DOES YOUR HEART BEAT TRUE TO ME?" embellished with a splendid lithograph title page, representing an elegantly attired lady leaning upon the arm of her betrothed. The words express the beauty and holiness of faithful and enduring love, undimmed by the lapse of years and the frost of age, and the music is of that easy, simple and melodious kind which cannot fail to touch the feelings of all who have a soul for music.

Remember, we give you a 30 cent song *free of charge*, if you send two 3 cent stamps to H. Kleber & Bro.

IMPORTERS' TEA COMPANY is the name of an extensive tea firm which does business at 922 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. They deal in both tea and coffee, and one of their methods for securing trade is to give a present ranging in value from a nominal sum as high as $30. The tea or coffee of itself is said to be worth at a fair retail price more than the amount asked per package—one dollar. Among the drawers of prizes last week was Mr. R. H. Thompson, late of Ebensburg, now a clerk in the Bingham House, Philadelphia, who was so fortunate as to scoop in a set of diamond studs valued at a large figure. Any of our readers who wish to buy tea or coffee and at the same time secure a prize, there being no blank, should send their money to the above named firm and address.

Once more my eager, searching eyes
A sight of these bath gladdened;
Once more these fingers have the surprise
To him thine absence saddened.
Too long thy pearl-white hand bath pressed,
That of some other fellar;
Come, let me clasp thee to my breast,
My loved and lost umbrellar.

We have had some weather of late requiring the use of an umbrella, but that season, in the nature of things, is past and gone. What one needs now rather an overcoat, and our advice to those about purchasing is to patronize Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. He sells not only elegant overcoats, but ready-made clothing of every description—of the very latest style and made to wear—at prices which for cheapness will compare favorably with most of the wholesale stores. He will not only not be undersold, but says he will undersell all other dealers.

The summer hat is off the cops
No wren around the door step hops,
The farmer's yanking in his crops,
The base ball player's playing stops,
The lowing cow's quit eyein' on tops,
The clerk on wearing dusters drops,
And joy our rosy fancy props
With dreams of sausage and prairie chops.

The clerk on wearing dusters drops—and so has everybody else. All hands have joined in the sentiment that December weather is too cold for dusters, and have consulted to wear heavy woolens—such clothing, in a word, as is sold by Godfrey Wolf, next door to the postoffice, Altoona. His stock of winter goods is by odds the largest ever seen in Altoona, and the best and most stylish as well, and Mr. Wolf's well known reputation is a sure guaranty that at no other establishment can as big bargains be secured. Give him an order and be convinced.

Now the yellow moon is gone,
And the nuts are comin on,
While the nights are getting cold and dark, dark, dark;
But the young and giddy Kate
Meets her Charley at the gate,
And they make the weather warmer with a spark, spark, spark.

We know nothing of Kate's apparel, but if Charley is rigged up in one of the peerless suits of winter clothing sold only by Simon B. Bergdoll, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, then he is in condition to defy all the frosts that have come or are coming. That clothing is made specially for this latitude, is of the best material and cut in style, each piece is fully warranted, and customers may rely on it that nowhere else will they be accorded as liberal prices. If unable to visit Altoona, the reader is recommended to send for their price list.

His who courts and goes away
May live to court another day;
But he who woos and courts a girl's still
May get in court against his will.

All which recites in poetry a well-known fact, just as in prose we recite the equally well-known fact that the person goes astray who fails to buy his coal, shoes, slippers, or overcoats or rubbers or she may need at S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. His stock is simply immense, and comprises all the several styles now in market. Mr. B. sells large quantities of his goods in Cambria county, and in no instance has a case of dissatisfaction come to his knowledge. The meaning of such patronage, and the best guarantee for the future, coupled with the assurance that the present prices will de found several notches lower than ever before.

America Must Yield.

The greatest thinkers, the most profound scholars, the most experi, thorough and successful chemists—for these Americs must turn to Germany. In the wofully speculative field of medicine no greater step has yet been taken than in the discovery, after the most extended research and the most careful and patient experiments, of Dr. Faust's German Cough Syrup, for the cure of consumption, coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, croup, and all pulmonary diseases. Remember this medicine is sold on a positive guarantee to cure. Price, 25c. 50c. and $1 per bottle. Ask Druggists. Sold at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-1.-e.o.w.]

COMMUNICATIONS.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT EDUCATION.

What is education? The term stands undefined in the minds of thousands who are struggling for it, and in the minds of those endeavoring to gratify such struggles. In what does it consist? to what does it relate? with what has it to do? and what is its object or aim? These are questions easier propounded than responded to. Restalossi, the great German educator, who probably had deeper and clearer insight into the true character of education, and the development of those God-given faculties through which our knowledge of externality is obtained, than any subsequent write, thus defines it: "Education relates to the whole man, and consists in the drawing forth, strengthening and perfecting all the faculties with which an Allwise Creator has endowed him—physical, intellectual, and moral. Education has to do with the hand, the head and the heart."

Perfecting the human mind, and educating the hand and the heart with that mind *are*, then, the imposed duties of those who don the professional garb of teaching. What superficial work is enacted in the name from at this late day, when even the spirit of progression carries with it on its onward march the retrograding fogies of an earlier period. Another learned writer, in speaking of education, says: "The end of true education is to learn how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others." Its end, then, is generosity, liberality, and to make fellow men of those endowed with it. It should fit us for citizenship of a glorious republic like ours, so as to enable us to appreciate and render cheerful obedience to reasonable laws, which, by the instrumentality, we may understand and expound.

Do not be satisfied with simply imparting knowledge which you may have received in like manner. The diamond does not dazzle the eye of its admirer by transmitted light received from a luminous body, but with its own native brilliance. Exercise your own ingenuity; let your light born light shine; be earnest, and the only legitimate result will be—Success. C. A. R.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF JAMES BARNETT, OF ALLEGHENY TOWNSHIP.

O! the withered leaf hath trembled long
To the Spring's first breath, through the bright days gone,
And the frost had hushed up the wee birds' song
From the tree by the meadow brook.
O! it clung to its branch, where so snug it grew,
From the early Spring, all the Summer through,
Till the Autumn blast so roughly blew
And the withered hemlock shook.

II.

O! the gray-haired pilgrim bath tottered on
From the Spring's first breath, through the bright days gone,
Till the last sheaf into the barn was drawn,
And the work of many a year was done.
Then the chilly breath of the far-off North
Blew over the hills when the stars came forth,
And it hardened the breast of old mother earth,
Till the grass could no more come through.

III.

A! then came a chill November day,
And it hasted along into evening gray;
And the withered leaf might no longer stay,
For a rude blast came from the hills of snow—
From afar, where the northern rivers flow—
And the withered leaf it soon brought low,
While the night-wind sad did wail. A. D. R.

HYMENEAL.

BARKER—BUNN.—Married, at the residence of the bride's mother, in the West Ward, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 29, 1881, by Rev. Robert McLaughlin, Mr. C. H. BARKER and Miss KATIE BUNN, both of this place.

It is seldom indeed that so pleasant a day as Tuesday last gladdens this mountain region at a time when grim winter usually holds high carnival in our midst. True it is that Vannor and the whole tribe of almanac-makers assured us that the genius of the North Wind was to prevail on that occasion, yet for all that the sun in its glory shone out, and in the vast extent of its welcome beams we venture to say that no happier pair was visited by their gladdening influence than our bithsome young friends Connie and Katie. This is as it should be: for Connie, the youngest of a family eminent for usefulness and integrity, and the junior member of one of the most popular and reliable mercantile firms in the county, is the peer of any and all and the possessor of many commendable traits of character, while Katie is one of the handsomest and most bewitching of her sex, is it not said—"Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on?" We mingle our congratulations with the many which have already been showered to the worthy young couple, and add thereto the hope that the same auspicious omens that witnessed their nuptials may abide with them while life's journey shall be run, many years hence, shall have been recorded for both. In the language of the poet:

"When long years have passed away,
When friends have left, or lovers have gone,
When time shall tinge their locks with gray,
And sadder scenes their hearts have known,
Oh, may their love and love as now,
And fonder grow their cheer'ning days,
When care perchance shall mark their brow,
As each fond youthful charm decays."

The newly wedded pair departed on Tuesday evening's train for a bridal tour to Philadelphia, New York, and other points of interest, bearing with them the congratulations of a good deed well done and the assurance that every one who knows them cannot but wish them well in the new duties and felicities of life upon which they have just entered, and to all which we say amen.

WEBER—SNYDER.—Married, at the Church of the Holy Name, this (Tuesday) morning, Dec. 6, 1881, by Rev. Father Reardon, Mr. GEORGE D. WEBER, of Salisbury, Somerset county, and Miss KATIE SNYDER, niece of Mrs. Christina Foster, of the Cambria House, this place. No cards.

Knowing the great grief which has come upon our own household, we are sure that our young friends will excuse us if wholly brief; yet sincerely wish them long lives of unalloyed felicity. They are both worthy of each other's love and devotion, and that God will prosper them here and welcome them to the joys of eternity hereafter are blessings which we trust they will deserve and hope they will receive.

KIMBLER—CAMPBELL.—Married, at Lower Two Lick, Indiana county, on Nov. 15, 1881, by Rev. S. Keebler, Mr. JOHN KIMBLER, of Ebensburg, and Miss COLINDA CAMPBELL, of the former place.

BURNS—IVORY.—Married, at St. Augustine, on Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1881, by Rev. Father Ryan, Mr. EMMET BURNS and Miss MAGGIE IVORY.

DOUGHERTY—MCCONNELL.—Married, at the same time and place, by the same, Mr. JAMES DOUGHERTY and Miss KATE MCCONNELL.

OBITUARY.

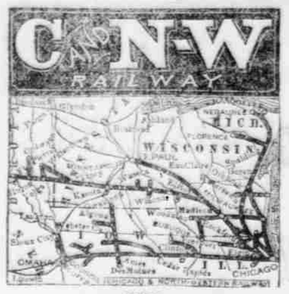
MCPIKE.—Died, in this place, on Friday afternoon, Dec. 2, 1881, of diphtheria, AGNES ROSE, second daughter of Henry A. and Agnes W. McPike, aged 11 years, 11 months and 8 days.

[Communicated.]

Sadly afflicted and thrice bereaved friends, Mr. and Mrs. McPike, rather than reopen again and again the wounds inflicted by an All-wise Providence, I have refrained from publicly expressing the deep sympathy I feel for you and your sadly destimated family in this the hour of your sore trial and bitter suffering. Having lost your eldest daughter, the gentle Annie, torn I may say from the bosom of her kind and loving mother, and having a few days after beheld her darling little brother, winsome Willie, the youngest of your sons, laid to rest by her side, I could not but feel the deepest anguish in my soul. That your terrible bereavement ceased here, however, I should have remained silent, much and sincerely though I sympathized with you, but when the bright and beautiful Aggie, your eldest remaining daughter, was summoned from earth to heaven, I could no longer restrain my feelings. Not yet twelve years of age, your darling Aggie had nevertheless insinuated herself into the affections and found a place in the hearts of all who knew her. Bright even among those who were remarkable for youthful intelligence, pious beyond her years, old in her early days, helpful to her devoted parents and her dearly beloved sisters and brothers, I can offer as a balm to your thrice wounded hearts but one sentence, and that not only from holy inspiration but equally applicable to your first and last bereavement: "In a short time she fulfilled many years for her soul and pleased God; therefore he hastened to call her from the midst of iniquity." Sanctified by the tongue of affliction as we are you to-day, we recognize it as the work of an Omniscient God who chastiseth those whom He loves. It is not for us to find fault with, dispute with or endeavor to controvert His holy will. We will join with your many sincere friends, however, in appealing to the Throne of Grace in your behalf and beseeching that the Almighty may temper the sacrifices already made, will spare the rest of your loved ones and give you the grace and strength you so much need to enable you to bear the heavy burdens that have been laid upon you. R.

BARNETT.—Died at his residence in Allegheny township, Cambria county, on Sunday, Nov. 20, 1881, Mr. JAMES BARNETT, in the 71st year of his age.

Deceased was born in the Parish of Belmessreen, County Derry, Ireland, and when quite a young man came to this country and settled in a wilderness of land which was then almost unbroken, but by patient industry he converted the forest into productive fields and before his death he saw himself and family comfortably situated in a neat and pleasant home. He was a devout and sincere Catholic, a most excellent citizen, and a good neighbor, who was ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. Even when the shadow of death environed him he expressed solicitude for a neighbor in trouble. The last years of his life were almost wholly devoted to the only work which can truly be said was really created—the salvation of his



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[4-15.] WESTWARD. [Dy.]

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STRATEGY VERSUS STRENGTH.

The sand-hornet is the greatest villain that flies on wing, and he is built for a professional murderer. He carries two keen cimeters besides a deadly poisoned pionard, and is armed throughout with an invulnerable coat of mail. He has things his own way; he lives a life of tyranny and feeds on blood. There are few birds—none that I know of—that care to swallow such a red-hot morsel. It is said that not even the butcher bird hankers after him. The toad will no touch him, seeming to know by instinct what sort of chain-lightning he contains. Among insects this hornet is the harpy eagle, and nearly all of them are at his mercy. Even the cicadia, or drumming harvest fly, an insect often larger and heavier than himself, is his very common victim. Considering these characteristics, it was of special interest to witness such an incident as I have here pictured, where one of these huge tyrants was actually captured and overpowered by the strategy of three black ants.

I had left the meadow, and was ascending a spur of the mountain by the edge of a pine wood, when suddenly I espied the hornet in question almost at my feet. He immediately took to wing, and as he flew on ahead of me I observed a long pendant object dangling from his body. The incumbrance proved too great an obstacle for continuous flight, and he soon dropped again on the path, a rod or so in advance of me. I overtook him, and on close inspection discovered a plucky black ant clutching tightly with its teeth upon the hind-foot of its captive, while with its two hind legs it clung desperately to a long cluster of pine needles which it carried as dead-weight. No sooner had the hornet touched the ground than the ant began to tug and yell for help. There were certainly evidences to warant such a belief, for a second ant immediately appeared upon the scene, hurridly emerging from a neighboring thicket of pine tree moss. He was too late, however, for the hornet immediately took to flight. But this attempt was even more futile than the former, for that plucky little assailant had laid hold of another impediment, and this time not only the long pine needles, but a small branched stick also, went swinging through the air. Only a yard or so was covered in this flight; and as the ant still yelled for reinforcements, its companion again appeared, and rushed upon the common foe with such furious zeal that I felt like patting him on the back. The whole significance of the scene he had taken in at a glance, and in an instant he had taken a vise-like grip on the other hind-leg. Now came the final tug of war. The hornet tried to rise, but this second passenger was too much for him; he could only buzz along the ground, dragging his load after him, while his new assailant clutched desperately at everything within its reach, now a dried leaf, now a tiny stone, and even overturning an acorn cup in its grasp. Finally, a small rough stick the size of a match was secured, and this proved the "last straw." In vain were the struggles of escape. The hornet could do no more than lift his body from the ground. He rolled and kicked and tumbled, but to no purpose, except to make it very lively for his captors; and the thrusts of that lively dagger were wasted on the dessert air, for whether or not these ants knew its searching propensities, they certainly managed to keep clear of this busy extremity.

How long this pell-mell battle would have lasted I know not, for a third ant now appeared, and it was astonishing to see him; with every movement of the hornet, he in turn would lay hold of a third stick, and at the same time would clutch upon those pine needles to add their impediment to the burden of his own body.

Practically the ants had won the victory, but what they intended to do with the floundering elephant on their hands seemed a problem. But it was to them only a question of patience. They had now pinned their victim securely, and held him to await assistance. It came. The entire neighborhood had been apprised of the battle, and in less than five minutes the ground swarmed with an army of re-inforcements. They came from all directions; they pitched upon that hornet with terrible ferocity, and his complete destruction was only a question of moments.—*W. H. Gibson, in Harper's for December.*

FISH AS FOOD.—Pound for pound, fish is fully as nutritious as butchers' meat. It may not seem so satisfying, but that is because the sense of satisfaction which we experience in eating is the result of supplying the stomach with food, and in no direct or immediate way related to the nourishment of the organism as a whole. Very few of the solid substances we eat are digested, even so far as the stomach is concerned, in less than an hour, and nutrition cannot commence until after digestion has proceeded for some time. It follows that the feeling of satisfaction produced by solid food during a meal must be due to the appeasing of those cravings which which are set up in the stomach rather than the supply of the needs of the system. Inasmuch as butchers' meat is less easy of digestion than fish, and it gives the stomach more to do, it is easy to see why it seems, at the moment, more satisfying. Looking to the ultimate purpose of nutrition, fish is the better kind of food, it is more readily and completely reduced in the stomach, and it nourishes the organism more thoroughly, and with less physical inconvenience, than the flesh of warm blooded animals. A common error in regard to the use of fish is the failure to recognize that there are two distinct classes of this staple, looked at as food. In on class, which may be represented by the mackeral and the salmon, the oil and fat are distributed throughout the flesh, while in the other, of which the cod and whiting may be taken as examples, the oil and fat are found almost exclusively in the internal organs, notably the liver. Now, the oil and fat are necessary, and if the fish is not cooked and eaten whole, or nearly so, these most important parts are wasted. In cleansing fish, as little as possible should be removed. This is a point of the highest practical moment. Fishmongers and cooks need to be instructed afresh on the subject. To omit any portion of the liver of a cod in preparing the dish for the table is to throw away a great delicacy. A cod's liver properly dressed is a dish for a gourmet. It is inexplicable how anything so nauseous as the "cod liver oil" of the chemist and druggist can be prepared from anything so nice as the liver of cod. Housekeepers and those who purvey for the table should take care that nothing edible in a fish is sacrificed. For cooking purposes it may be assumed that fish is not only good food, but food of the best description; well able to supply the needs of the system, and particularly easy of digestion. It is equally serviceable for the weakly as for the robust, the young as for the old.—*Good Words.*

TO MAKE a good walk, dig out the earth a few inches deep and fill in a layer of broken stones, brick and the like, then a layer of fine clinkers and over this spread coal ashes and roll down, if you have a roller. If not, make the surface as smooth and compact as possible by other means and the weather will do the rest. These walks are hard, clean, durable and withal cheap.

BUTTERMILK is not only a specific remedy for indigestion, but it soothes and quiets the nerves, and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness.

Charge of the Light Brigade.

After we had mounted for the famous charge, and just before we commenced our advance, Colonel Shewell, commanding the Eight Hussars, happened to rest his eye on one of his men with a pipe in his mouth, which so excited his military ire, that he hallooed to him that "he was disgracing his regiment by smoking in the presence of the enemy," a grave view of the question which certainly I (his commanding officer) did not, or at least up to that time had not reciprocated, inasmuch as I at this very moment was enjoying a remarkably good cigar. The question then arose in my mind, "Am I to set this bad example? (in the Colonel's opinion, at least,) or should I throw away a good cigar?"—no such common article in those days, be it remembered. Well, the cigar carried the day, and it lasted me till we got to the guns. With shame do I say it. * * * There was one, I believe, who, when he started on this advance, was insensible to the desperate undertaking in which he was about to be engaged. * * * So we went on. "Right flank keep up. Close in to your centre!" The smoke, the noise, the cheers, the groans, the "ping, ping," whizzing past one's head, the "whirr" of the fragments of shells, the well-known "slush" of that unwelcome intruder on one's ears—what a sublime confusion it was!

One incident struck me forcibly about this time—the bearing of the riderless horses in such circumstances. I was, of course, riding by myself and clear of the line, and for that reason was a marked object for the poor, dumb brutes. They consequently made dashes at me, some advancing with me a considerable distance, at one time as many as five on my right and two on my left cringing in on me, and positively squeezing me as the round shot came bounding by them. I remarked their eyes betokening as keen a sense of the perils around them as we human beings experienced, (and that is saying a good deal). The bearing of the horse I was riding, in contrast to these, was remarkable. He had been struck, but showed no signs of fear, thus evincing the confidence of dumb animals in the superior being.—*The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea—Lord George Paget.*

Some time ago an Austrian chemist is said to have devised a new soporific, the action of which is so rapid and powerful, that a few drops of it sprinkled on the head and face will effectually stupefy a man in a few seconds, and render him utterly defenseless. He gave it the name of Bandiger, or "tamer," and offered the secret of its sale to the Austrian Government. But the Government has not only refused to purchase it, but has ordered the police authorities to formally notify the inventor to discontinue his experiments, and to abstain utterly from using in any way his invention, or communicating it to others, under pain of being criminally dealt with.

How Peanuts are Cleaned and Prepared for the Market.

Peanuts to be prepared for the market are placed in a large cylinder, from which they enter the brushes, where every nut receives fifteen feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they are dropped on an endless belt, passing along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stand girls, and, as the nuts fall on the belt, the girls, with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor-looking nuts, allowing only the best to pass the crucible. Those that do pass drop into bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on its sides. The peas caught by the girls are thrown to one side again, picked over, and the best singled out, bagged and branded as "ships." These are as fine a nut as the first for eating, but in shape and color do not compare with the "cocks." The third grade is branded as "eagles." These are picked out of the cullings of "cocks" and "ships." The cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged, sent to the top story, and what little meat is in them is shaken out by a patent sheller. The nuts being shelled by this process, the meat drops in bags below, free from dirt or dust of any kind, and is then shipped in 200-pound sacks to the North, where it is bought by the confectioners for the purpose of making taffy or peanut candy. It may be here stated that a peculiar kind of oil is extracted from the meat of the nut, and in this specialty a large trade is done among the wholesale druggists. There is nothing wasted, for even shells are made useful. They are packed in sacks and sold to stable-keepers for horse-bedding, and a very healthy bed they make.

Pacific Islands Folk-Lore.

When in the Tonga-tabu group I was amused by a curious custom the natives there have of saying, when one sneezed, "Ofa," which means love. I asked the reason for this, and was told that when a man sneezed he was thinking of his wife, and that when a woman did so she was thinking of her husband; so that they consider it only a polite little attention to say "Ofa" to one at those times. Here in Samoa I find a very different phrase in vogue on similar occasions, and, on account of its likeness it, meaning to one still used in England, of much greater interest. Here when one sneezes, they say, "Soefua," whose meaning is, as near as possible, "God bless you." It is strange that in two countries so far apart as England and Samoa there should be a custom so very much alike.—*Notes and Queries.*

Capt. Isaac Bassett, the veteran doorkeeper of the United States senate, and who will complete his half century of service in the Senate chamber in December next, is now busily engaged in preparing his forthcoming volume, entitled "Sketches and Reminiscences of the United States Senate—1831-

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Cock fighting originated with the Athenians.

The great gray slug has a supply of 29,000 teeth.

There are forty-six species of the English cuckoo.

Dusters were at first made of the tails of oxen or foxes.

The earliest mention of parks is among the Persians.

The leech has eight or ten eyes set in its back near the head.

The idea of fertilizing land with salt was conceived by John Napier in 1498.

Gauze is said to receive its name from Gaza, in Palistine, where it was first made.

The part of the human body which show the greatest variety of colors is the iris of the eye.

The moon was pronounced by Anaxagoras, 500 B. C., to be an earth having mountains and valleys.

King Alfred used to measure time by a device of twelve candles, graduated so as to burn two hours each.

The boiling water column of the Iceland geysers is nineteen feet in diameter, and sometimes rises ninety-two feet.

The cochineal insect is very small, a pound of cochineal being calculated to contain not less than 70,000 in a dried state.

A peculiar violet odor is emitted from the males of some species of Brazilian butterflies, the female being not at all fragrant.

When frogs are seized by snakes they enlarge themselves wonderfully, so that if the snake be of small size the frog escapes.

To neutralize the sting of gnats and mosquitos, English sportsmen rub the parts affected with cerumen, or the wax from the ear.

The Bible has been translated into 226 languages and dialects, and in the last eight years 140,000,000 copies have been circulated.

The fashion in men's hats changes far more often in England, France and America than in other countries. The sombrero worn in Don Quixote's time is the fashion in Spain to-day.

Within the past sixty years the value of gold has fluctuated from 15 1-8 to 15 7-8 that of silver averaging about 15 1-2 times and never falling so low as that of fifteen times such value.

Among the early Romans a kind of fasti, or annals, was kept by driving nails into the walls of the Temple of Minerva; and in public calamities, in time of pestilence, etc., a nail was fastened in the Temple of Jupiter.

Christian names are so-called by having been given to converts in baptism as substitures for their former pagan appellations, many of which were borrowed from the names of their gods, and therefore rejected as profane.

The institution of the "Order of the Bath" originated in the custom of the Franks who, when the conferred knighthood, bathed before they performed the ceremony, and from this habit came the title Knight of the Bath.

The growth of plants of all kinds, Dr. C. W. Siemens claims, after experiment, can be stimulated by the electric light. As is well known, plants grow all the year around in tropical regions, and Dr. Siemens believes that the electric light over glass, kept burning all night, will keep plant life active during the winter months, even in temperate regions.

Although considered mute, insects have the power of producing sounds by certain movements which to some extent are characteristic of the different species. The shrill chirp of the cricket is produced by the rubbing together the wing cases. The harsh shriek of the grasshopper is caused by friction of the legs against the wings. The shrill trumpet sound of the mosquito and the busy hum of bees and flies, result from the rapid motion of the wings while flying.

HISTORY OF CARPETS.—The use of tapestry and embroidered cloth as a covering for furniture and the floors of rooms is of great antiquity. The Babylonians, Parthians and Gauls were famous for embroidering carpets in different colors, and several cities early acquired a celebrity for the manufacture. The carpets were usually made with woolly nap on one side but occasionally the nap was raised on both sides and the design enriched by the insertion of threads of gold and silk. The names of distinguished makers of carpets have been handed down along with those of the cities in which they plied their vocation. Pathymas, an Egyptian, with Acesas and Helicorn, of Cyprus, were among those who obtained eminence in the art, and it was conjectured that the two latter worked under the direction of Phidas, the famous sculptor. Plato mentions that it was customary in Greece to cover couches with carpets and place others on the floor. The wealthy patricians of Rome used purple carpets, for which they paid fabulous prices. Babylonian covers for couches sold in the days of Metel lus Scipio, for $18,000 each, and that price was quadrupled in the time of Emperor Nero. Carpets figured conspicuously in the pagentries of the ancient nation of the East. They were used to deck horses and elephants in triumphal processions, and respect for the dead was marked by placing carpets on tombs and cenataphs. In Turkey carpets were used many centuries ago in the same manner as at present. The skill of the natives of India in working textile fabrics is universally admitted; but, perhaps, in none of their productions have they displayed so much ingenuity and taste as in embroidering carpets. The finest work of the kind is still produced by them, but though much in demand among the princes and chiefs of India, these carpets are too gorgeous and expensive for European and American tastes. In the most costly the design is tambored in cloth and canvass, with threads of gold and silver and silk. The only Indian carpets we have ever seen in this country were a thick, soft kind made in Masuipatam.—*United States Economist.*

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—There are two little arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side; these branch off from the main arteries on each side of the windpipe, and running upward toward the eyes over the outside of the jaw-bone, about two-thirds back from the chin to the angle of the chin, under the ear. Each of these arteries, of course, supplies just one-half of the face, the nose being the dividing line; the left nostril is supplied with blood by the left artery, and the right nostril by the right artery. Now, supposing your nose bleeds by the right right nostril, with the end of the forefinger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist; then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and jawbone; the result will be that not a drop of blood goes into that side of the face while the pressure continues; hence the nose stops bleeding for want of blood to flow; continue the pressure for five or ten minutes and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by that time probably contract so that when you let the blood into them they will not leak. Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped in the same way.

THE sooner milk is cooled after milking the greater the amount of butter obtained. So the creameries are said to report.

MY daughter's Paralysis ataxis disappeared from the use of PERUNA.—B. C. HICKS, Pittsburg, Pa.

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